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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 411
EDITORIALS:
Governor Roosevelt's Campaign 414
Hillquit for Mayor of New York 415
Speak Up, Economists! 415
How Standardized Are We? 416
CARTOON: "UNLESS YOU ELECT MR. HOOVER, I'LL HAVE TO PUT ANOTHER LOCK ON." By Edmund Duffy 417
THE POT AND THE KETTLE. THE BIPARTISAN TARIFF HUMBUG. By Oswald Garrison Villard 418
A SOVIET-JAPANESE DEAL AGAINST AMERICA? By Louis Fischer 419
THIS IS MANCHUKUO. By Henry Hilgard Villard 421
MISSOURI—A THREAT AND A PROMISE. By Ralph Coghlan 422
WISCONSIN TURNS TO ROOSEVELT. By William T. Evjue 425
THE TARIFF ON SUGAR—A CASE STUDY. By Herve Schwedersky 426
A COUNTRY CLOTHES LINE. By Isidor Schneider 427
PENDING REPEAL. By Forrest Revere Black 428
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 429
CORRESPONDENCE 430
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 431
BOOKS AND DRAMA:
Fable. By Leslie Nelson Jennings 432
Frank Harris Again. By Joseph Wood Krutch 432
Still Groping. By Clifton Fadiman 432
More About Gandhi. By Savel Zimand 433
Genetics: 1932. By Thomas Hunt Morgan 434
A Novel in Verse. By Eda Lou Walton 434
John Quincy Adams. By William MacDonald 435
The Last Classic. By Cuthbert Wright 436
Shorter Notices 437
Drama: Tableaux. By Joseph Wood Krutch 438

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THE GRIM IRONY of our "balanced" budget becomes clearer every day. On October 21 the deficit since July 1 had already reached $560,000,000—only $38,000,000 less than the huge deficit for the corresponding period a year ago. Secretary Mills's estimates now turn out to have been incredibly bad. On the basis of his figures the actual increase in the tax yield for the first quarter of the fiscal year should have been $161,250,000; actually it was $59,017,420, or just 36.6 per cent of the expected amount. After every possible allowance is made, it is impossible not to condemn the Treasury calculations for their amazing incompetence. A comparison of estimates of quarterly receipts from particular new taxes with actual receipts in the first quarter of the fiscal year would be too cruel; it is more generous to compare the actual yield of the taxes in September with the monthly yield expected, for while receipts for August, for example, were only 41.2 per cent of the monthly estimate, receipts in September had risen to 64 per cent of that estimate. But even for September we find that malt, wort, and grape concentrates yielded only $815,000 compared with the estimate of $6,833,000; jewelry only $181,000 compared with the estimate of $750,000; passenger automobiles only $1,078,000 more compared with the estimate of $2,666,000 more; radios and phonographs only $165,000 compared with the estimate of $750,000; admissions only $1,506,000 compared with the estimate of $3,500,000; and checks only $3,793,000 compared with the estimate of $6,250,000. The Treasury calculations were made at a time when business was just as depressed as it is now; there is no possible excuse for such bungling. Just how far wrong the calculations of receipts from the income and corporation taxes will prove to be when they are payable on March 15 next can only be conjectured.

SENATOR ROBERT LA FOLLETTE—and Governor Philip La Follette, as well—has decided to support Governor Roosevelt, a decision which should insure Wisconsin's going for Roosevelt. We are glad that the Senator finally took a position, though it would obviously have been much wiser had he done so earlier in the campaign when Senator Norris took his stand. In his statement announcing his position Senator La Follette declared that President Hoover "has been wrong on every important issue which has arisen during his term of office," that is, from the progressive point of view. This being the case, it seems as if the Senator could have made up his mind much earlier. As for Senator Norris, he made an admirable speech on October 17, dwelling upon that hypocrisy of politicians to which *The Nation* has so often referred. He showed how Senator Goff of West Virginia, Senator Fess of Ohio, the present Vice-President, and Senator Willis of Ohio, all bitterly criticized Mr. Hoover prior to his nomination, only to turn around thereafter and swallow their own words. Most amusing was his recalling the remarks of Senator Dickinson of Iowa on April 10, 1928, when he declared that the issue could not be met "by nominating a candidate whose principal appeal is to big business. . . . Hoover is symbolical of the radio combine, the high-power trust, and big business all along the line." Now the joke of all this is that Senator Dickinson was the keynoter at this year's Republican convention, where he praised Herbert Hoover to the skies. We are of the opinion that this hypocrisy of our politicians has perhaps more to do with the deterioration of our public life, its falsity and inefficiency, than any other one thing.

FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY come reports of the last desperate Republican efforts to win the election. Employers are telling their employees that their businesses will be closed the day after election if Roosevelt wins, following the example of Mr. Ford's notice to his workers urging them to vote for his personal friend, Mr. Hoover. That letter, we venture to say, will lose more votes for Hoover than it will gain. From Liverpool a well-known American journalist, Farmer Murphy, cables us that Democrats and Socialists should now exercise their "equal privilege of opinion" and should "prevent the further enlargement of the fortune and power of this social ignoramus by refusing to buy Ford products." Plainly that kind of game can be worked both ways. Even more widespread than direct or indirect coercion of employees is the insistence that Mr. Hoover must be elected in order to nurture and protect the delicate new plant of prosperity which has just begun to raise its head. We do not believe that this "new-prosperity"

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argument, or the threat to close the factories, will be as effective this year as in 1924. There are too many factories closed, too many workers unemployed, too many companies obviously on the verge of collapse, to make it possible to frighten any considerable number of people into voting for the incompetent and inefficient Mr. Hoover. The danger, to our mind, is of another sort—that Mr. Roosevelt, when elected, will adopt policies too cautious, too much like Mr. Hoover's own, to have any important effect on our collapsed economy.

AS THE CAMPAIGN draws to a close, it becomes evident that Herbert Hoover will be fortunate if he gets as many electoral votes as Al Smith polled against him four years ago. An analysis, so far unpublished, of newspaper dispatches, straw votes, and private surveys, compiled by an expert on a New York newspaper, indicates that Governor Roosevelt can count on at least 400 electoral votes, with the possibility that his total will reach 450 or 475. Executive Chairman Lucas at Republican National Headquarters is claiming 270 electors, only 4 more than a bare majority. And even the optimistic Lucas is unable to name the States that will yield this figure. Mark Sullivan reveals the desperation of the Republican high command with the claim that Mr. Hoover can win by carrying only thirteen States. But the thirteen include several that the Republicans have no hope of carrying, among them California, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Ohio, and New York—not to mention Wisconsin. When Lucas, back from the West, claimed State after State as "at least doubtful," a Washington correspondent asked him about Wisconsin. "I was hoping you wouldn't mention that State," Lucas remarked. Four years ago Hoover had 444 electoral votes against 87 for Smith. This year there is not a State in the Union that is really safe for the Republicans. They will be happy to pull through in Pennsylvania by a margin of 100,000 as against 1,000,000 in 1928, and they have reason to be worried about Maine since the September election. Even Kansas and Iowa are on the fence. On the other hand, Roosevelt has 135 certain votes in the belt of twelve Southern States fringed by Virginia, Tennessee, Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. Kentucky, Missouri, Arizona, and New Mexico bring him up to 167. The wet States of Maryland and Nevada make his total 178. In addition, Roosevelt needs to carry only Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and New York to go past the majority mark with 294 electors. And in these four States his chances are much better than Hoover's.

SENATOR ROBERT F. WAGNER, who is up for reelection in the State of New York, is as much a product of Tammany Hall as Alfred E. Smith. He was a Tammany member of the Assembly for three years, and of the New York Senate for nine years, and is just concluding his first term in the United State Senate. He was also for a number of years a just judge of the Supreme Court and of the Appellate Division in New York State. In the Senate, without being brilliant and without allying himself directly with the progressive group, he has none the less shown commendable independence, great industry, and genuine social-mindedness. It was he who introduced the first bill for aiding the unemployed—the Garner-Wagner bill for $2,100,000,000 which the President so mistakenly vetoed. Lately he has again been speaking out splendidly, demanding two billions for relief through public-works construction, because, as he says, "we shall experience a winter of indescribable cruelty unless action like this is taken." He has also demanded greater speed in the administration of the economic-relief laws. He voted against the appointment of Judge Parker to the Supreme Court, and for the Norris anti-injunction measure, as well as for all humanitarian legislation which has come before the Senate. Labor warmly indorses him. Here we have another case like that of Lieutenant-Governor Lehman. The Senator's record is extremely good; the objection to him is that he is part and parcel of the Tammany machine, about whose revealed wrongdoings he has never even whispered, although he was quick to find his voice to approve Boss Curry's selection of Tammany's puppet candidate, John P. O'Brien, for the mayoralty of New York.

SECRETARY MELLON has set a new style for ambassadors. It has been the custom for many years for ambassadors to come home during Presidential campaigns to speak and vote for the candidates of their party. Thus Mr. Sackett has just come from Berlin at his own expense (which means also without salary) to campaign for the reelection of the man who appointed him. But Secretary Mellon has adopted a cheaper way. He has made a partisan political speech in the country to which he is accredited, extolling Mr. Hoover and leaving no room for his hearers to doubt that he desires Mr. Hoover's retention in the White House. Such a procedure seems to us to go far beyond the limits both of good taste and of diplomatic propriety. If his example were to be followed, it is easy to see the demoralization in the service that would ensue. It would be only a short time before every ambassador would feel constrained to make stump party speeches, to any audience that would listen to him, lest he be accused of being lukewarm in his support of his President or his political associates. Incidentally Mr. Mellon informed his hearers at the English-speaking Union in London that our campaign is not being fought on any other issue than that of discontent with present economic conditions. "In the final analysis," he said, "the real question that is to be decided in the coming election is one of leadership rather than issues." Precisely. *The Nation* has been asserting for years past that there is not the slightest difference in principle between the two old parties. What Mr. Mellon did not go on to point out is that neither party is presenting any far-reaching program for the reorganization of our social and economic conditions.

IN ALL THE OPTIMISTIC BALLYHOO attending England's apparent recovery from the financial crisis of a year ago, one important fact, the increasingly desperate plight of the British worker, appears to have been virtually forgotten. At the end of the "recovery year," to use a phrase now popular among certain British statesmen and journalists, labor finds itself worse off than it has been at any time in the last decade. Indeed, never before in English history have there been so many men and women out of work, and not in recent years has the amount of relief extended to the individual unemployed worker been so small. The hunger riots of the last six weeks were inevitable in face of these conditions. There is hardly an industrial community of consequence to be found anywhere in Great

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Britain that has not witnessed at least one riot since the middle of September. The worst disturbances, at which scores of people have been injured and scores of workers arrested, have taken place in or near London, Liverpool, Manchester, Belfast, North Shields, and Stratford-on-Avon. As we write, hundreds of the jobless are marching on London. "Most of the marchers," say the newspaper reports cabled here from London, "appear to be unusually meek and mild types of British unemployed." Neither the heavy rainstorms nor the lack of food has served to stop the marchers, so desperate have these workers become. The alleged "financial recovery" of England has no real meaning so long as the growing hunger of the people remains unrelieved.

ANOTHER IRISH CRISIS not unlike that which led to the creation of the Free State appears to be inevitable as a result of the quarrel between the De Valera Government and England over the land annuities. When this controversy first arose through the Free State's refusal to continue paying the annuities, England retaliated by adopting a special tariff against Irish goods. Since then trade in the Irish Free State has fallen off considerably. A further slump followed the failure of President de Valera to reach an agreement in London. In consequence unrest has been spreading throughout the Free State, and the demand for a republic has noticeably increased. It is morally certain that this situation will lead to a major crisis, possibly to an explosion, unless the tariff war is soon ended and the annuities question settled. Officials of the Dublin Government contend that if provision were now made for payment of the annuities it would so disrupt the budget as to precipitate a financial crisis. On the other hand, the MacDonald Government has shown no willingness to moderate its tariff until a general agreement is reached. While in London President de Valera reiterated his belief that the only real and permanent solution of the Irish problem is to be found in a united Irish republic. However, he is wisely proceeding with great caution in advocating a republic. He doubtless knows that overzealousness on his part at this time might easily result in another bloody civil war.

IF ANY ONE MAN can be said to stand at the central point of international banking, if any man is placed in a unique position to feel the pulse of the world's credit and to realize the ramifications of the world's credit structure, it is Montagu C. Norman, governor of the Bank of England. In one of the few public speeches he has ever delivered he now makes an amazing confession of bewilderment. "It is too much for me," he says.

> I wonder if there is anyone in the world who can really direct the affairs of the world, or of his country, with any assurance of the result his action will have? The confused affairs of the world have brought about a series of events and a general tendency which appear to me at this time as being outside the control of any man and any government and any country. I believe that if every country and every government could get together, it would be different, but we do not seem to be able to get together.

In the last three years the man in the street has seen his former idols topple one by one: the statesman who, he supposed, knew what he was doing; the captain of industry who, he was confident, knew what he was about; and the international banker who, he was sure, was almost omniscient. And now at last, the best-known of the international bankers, the head of one of the three most influential banks in the world, suddenly confesses in all humility his own incapacity to make head or tail of things. Where is the man in the street to look now?

THE FARM REVOLT continues to spread notwithstanding the forecasts of students of the agricultural problem, who believed that the apparent failure of the farm strike last summer would dampen the ardor of the wheat and hog raisers. In Nebraska the farmers have taken the mortgage situation into their own hands. Declaring that they will not allow their farms to be confiscated, they have stopped several foreclosure sales and compelled the banks to accept small cash payments in settlement of overdue mortgages. In Iowa and South Dakota the picketing of highways leading into market towns has been resumed. In these and other States the farmers are casting aside their old leaders and forming new organizations to carry on their struggle. The new organizations, including the Farmers' National Relief Conference, appear to be growing rapidly. They demand a general moratorium on all farm debts; the cessation of foreclosures, tax sales, and evictions of farm families; and a new marketing arrangement that will serve to increase farm prices by cutting the profits of the middlemen and not by raising the prices which ultimate consumers in the cities must pay for farm produce. That the farmers are not expecting much in the way of relief as a result of the national elections in November is shown by their direct-action methods.

LINDLEY M. GARRISON, the second member of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet to die this year, was a man of forceful, almost brilliant personality, who would not stay in the Wilson Cabinet when he disagreed with the President on matters of military policy. We wish there were more men in public life who had his sturdy independence of character and his old-fashioned idea that a Cabinet member ought to resign when he can no longer conscientiously support the policy of his superior. We admit that that policy would have resulted in a heavy mortality in recent Cabinets, whose members seem to have had no more objection to advocating men and policies in which they did not at heart believe than lawyers have in taking the cases of men they know to be guilty. If the custom of resigning from a Cabinet became established, it would often serve as a check upon the President both in his initiation of policies and in his selection of Cabinet members. The story of how Mr. Garrison came to be chosen for the Cabinet has often been told. At the last moment Mr. Wilson had in his Cabinet neither a Secretary of War nor a representative from his own State. Therefore it was decided that he should pick a man from New Jersey for the post. But whom? Mr. Tumulty picked up the list of lawyers in New Jersey and turned over page after page until he reached the letter G. He stopped at the name of Vice-Chancellor Lindley Garrison. "He's a good lawyer," said Tumulty. "All right," said Mr. Wilson, "let's ask him to be Secretary of War." Mr. Garrison received the invitation barely in time to pack a suitcase and catch the night train to Washington for the inauguration.

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Governor Roosevelt's Campaign

WE are not of those who feel that Governor Roosevelt has greatly strengthened his position by his utterance on the bonus. When forced to speak out by ex-President Coolidge's speech in New York, in which Mr. Coolidge fantastically declared that Governor Roosevelt's failure to express his views on this issue had "measurably impeded our economic recovery," the Governor answered that the charge was baseless and absurd. He had spoken out last April and he had not changed his mind. He asserted:

> I do not see how, as a matter of practical sense, a government running behind two billion dollars annually can consider the payment of bonus payments until it has a balanced budget, not only on paper, but with a surplus of cash in the Treasury.

There you have the politician. Did he say: "I am absolutely opposed to the bonus until that remote time when prosperity will have returned and we can anticipate payments out of a large cash reserve and without any strain on the Treasury"? He did not. He had to take the indirect road, and express himself in inexact language. What, for example, does a "balanced budget" mean? Does it mean the fake balancing of which President Hoover and Secretary Mills were guilty last spring? Or does it mean a genuine balancing of outgo and income? And pray what is a surplus of cash in the Treasury? Ten millions of dollars, or five hundred millions of dollars, or two billions of dollars? Obviously, the Governor admits the principle that the bonus might be anticipated at once if for any reason we should find ourselves suddenly able to make both ends meet and with a cash balance on hand. If this is "taking a stand," heaven help us.

We suppose that it is inevitable that when a candidate talks as much as Mr. Hoover and Governor Roosevelt do, foolish statements will now and then slip in. But we submit that if anybody can get a clear-cut view of Governor Roosevelt's fundamental principles, his deep and underlying beliefs, he is much cleverer than we. For example, could anything be more ridiculous than his stand upon the tariff? Again and again he blames Mr. Hoover for "the monstrous Hawley-Smoot tariff which is strangling our foreign trade," and then he proceeds to assure the farmer that he will not only maintain the existing tariffs on agricultural products, but will see to it that they are *made effective*. That, in all conscience, would seem to yield enough to the protectionists, but it does not—not enough to suit him. For at Wheeling, on October 19, the Governor declared that he had "advocated a lowering of tariffs by negotiations with foreign countries" and continued thus:

> But I have not advocated, and I will never advocate a tariff policy which will withdraw protection from American workers against those countries which employ cheap labor, or who operate under a standard of living which is lower than that of our own great laboring groups.

Now we submit that this is protection pure and simple. It is the doctrine of McKinley, of Lodge, of Smoot and Hawley, and all the rest. There is nothing Democratic about it. It concedes the whole argument to the camp to which historically the Democratic Party has been opposed. It stamps his whole position as utter nonsense, as the product of cloudy and inefficient thinking and of dire economic ignorance. Again the Republicans have smoked him out and taken him into camp. If we must not do business on equal terms with countries that pay lower wages than ours and have a different standard of living, how can we get around this by tariff reductions negotiated by treaties with those same countries that have a different standard of living?

Was there ever a more incredible sequitur than this one of Mr. Roosevelt's? The tariff is strangling trade; therefore Mr. Hoover is censurable. Therefore I promise to make the tariff more effective. Therefore I shall never reduce it as long as it affords protection to our workers from every country—in other words, the rest of the world—in which the standard of living is lower. Therefore I promise a reduction of rates in the monstrous Smoot-Hawley tariff which is strangling our foreign trade. The farmer is perishing because he cannot sell his products abroad; therefore I shall come to his rescue by making the tariffs more effective, and I pledge myself not to lower them on the vast bulk of manufactured articles, the barring of which makes it impossible for the farmer to exchange his products for the goods of other nations—the only way international trade can be carried on. What utter nonsense!

Walter Lippmann has called attention to another foolish statement. In a letter published October 18 Governor Roosevelt wrote that he believed: "We can cut down federal expenditures from 20 per cent to 25 per cent by the elimination of unnecessary offices and overlapping functions of government." As federal expenditures run to $4,000,000,000 Governor Roosevelt proposes to save from $800,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 in this way. Well, he cannot eliminate the debt service, which comes to $1,000,000,000; he has never intimated that he would cut one dollar from the $600,000,000 the army and navy are costing us, or the $1,000,000,000 the ex-soldiers are costing us, or the $650,000,000 which goes for public works and subsidies. Therefore he can only cut his $800,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 out of the remaining $800,000,000 of the budget! Obviously this is a childish performance, surpassed only by President Hoover's promise to reduce the budget by $1,500,000,000.

Now we would not deny that Governor Roosevelt during this campaign has surprised his admirers and his critics alike by showing a greater political skill, a greater vigor of utterance, and a better political strategy than had been expected of him. But we submit that this is not the hour for political strategy, or for keeping silent on this or that issue, or for juggling words. There are those who say that Governor Roosevelt has shown clearly by his speeches that his philosophy is directly opposed to that of Mr. Hoover, that his is the progressive attitude as opposed to the big-business reactionism of Herbert Hoover. Perhaps. But what the hour calls for, we repeat, is a clear-cut, vigorous platform, far-reaching, wide-visioned, for the general overhauling and reorganization of our government, for a new economic attitude, a new economic policy. That is why we repeat that the only vote worth casting is a vote for Norman Thomas.

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Hillquit for Mayor of New York

THERE can be no question that Morris Hillquit, the Socialist candidate for the mayoralty of New York City, is far better fitted for the position than either John P. O'Brien, the Tammany candidate, or Lewis H. Pounds, the Republican straw man selected by Samuel Koenig's machine, which has always worked hand in glove with Tammany. But apart from Mr. Hillquit's personal qualifications, the program of municipal government which his party has adopted is worthy, we are firmly convinced, of the indorsement of every citizen who is sincerely interested in giving New York a truly honest and efficient government. That the municipal government is sorely in need of reorganization cannot for a moment be doubted. That the necessary reorganization cannot be brought about by either the Democratic or the Republican Party is equally clear. The only hope of success lies in the Socialist municipal platform and in the program laid down by Norman Thomas and Paul Blanshard in their recently published book, "What's the Matter with New York." Thus, in indorsing Morris Hillquit's candidacy, we are in no sense accepting him merely as a means of protesting against the excesses of Tammany rule, but are urging his election because we sincerely believe that he and his platform point the only constructive way out of New York's present desperate plight.

The Socialists of New York have pledged themselves to practice strict economy in government, partly by reducing excessive salaries among the higher officials and eliminating superfluous office-holders. Tammany has in large measure thrived on these high salaries and unnecessary offices. The Socialists declare that under no circumstances will they economize at the expense of the social services, "such as education, health, child welfare, and recreation." They plan to meet the unemployment problem by seeking an "appropriation by the city of $75,000,000 for direct unemployment relief, to be supplemented under the law by State and federal aid"; by the "immediate resumption of work on parks, playgrounds, schools, hospitals, and subways"; and by going to work at once "on a comprehensive program of elimination of the slums through municipal construction of model dwellings to be rented at cost." Carrying their program of municipal socialism farther, they are working for "a unified and publicly owned and operated system of subways and buses," and for "public ownership and operation of electric, gas, and telephone utilities." But they intend to strike with even stronger and more effective weapons in their campaign for good government. They propose to consolidate the borough and county offices, the multiplicity of which has been a source of profit to Tammany. They advocate numerous pertinent reforms in the election machinery, not the least important being their plan for opening impartial publicity channels to all parties. They will seek "legislation to reorganize our system of taxation so as to include a graduated tax upon socially created land values and special assessments upon properties particularly benefited by subway construction." Finally, they are working for "a thorough revision of the antiquated city charter, to provide for proportional representation and in other respects to democratize the city government and make it more efficient."

Of necessity some of these reforms will have to wait upon the State legislature. This is true of the plan for proportional representation, under which the minority parties would be assured of representation on the municipal council. Most of the other proposed changes could be brought about almost at once; in any case work could be begun on them as soon as a new administration took office. It is probable that not every detail in the Socialist program will be found acceptable to every liberal and progressive voter in New York. But by and large the ends the Socialists are seeking are the very ends to which the reformers and liberals have long aspired. Mr. Hillquit is a thorough student of the complex problem involved in the task of governing the great, modern metropolis of New York. His party was primarily instrumental in exposing recent instances of graft and corruption in the city government and in driving Mayor Walker from office. *The Nation* confidently believes that the election of Morris Hillquit would advance immeasurably the cause of municipal reform.

Speak Up, Economists!

"WHAT do you economists have to offer?" The question is undoubtedly embarrassing, especially to "scientific" economists, for while it is an open question whether or not economics may be called a "science," it is certain that it is not a science in the sense that physics is, or bacteriology. Scientific knowledge enables us principally to do three things: to understand, to predict, and to improve our lot. Economics performs all these functions very imperfectly, and its shortcomings have been exposed mercilessly in the last three years. Even now it is next to impossible to find two economists who are exactly agreed regarding the causes of the present depression, or the precise degree of responsibility to be attached to each of them. Not a single economist in the world, to our knowledge, predicted the present depression—that is, told just when it would occur, and how appalling its depth and extent would be. The remedies proposed for getting us out of it range from silence and bewilderment to a babble of cocksure but mutually contradictory suggestions. No wonder there is a widespread feeling among laymen that economics is bankrupt, and that one man's opinion is as good or as bad as another's.

Claudius Murchison, in the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, rises to a spirited defense of the economist. He begins by telling us just what he means by an economist. He does not mean merely an ambitious bond salesman who has started a printing-press and showered abroad varicolored charts interspersed with columns of figures (seasonal variations allowed for), or a "big shot" in the farmers' cooperative who has got himself appointed on a President's commission. He means, rather:

> . . . one who has worked for years with the stern discipline that began with the Greek philosophers and carries the imprint of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Mill, and Alfred Marshall, who regards his Ph.D. long ago received as but an early incident in the life of a scholar, who knows the technique of scientific research and has examined objectively

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> every type of economic change, who is familiar with the background of every economic institution and its present functioning, who is affiliated with no interest and attached to no prejudices.

These are pretty stiff requirements, and one begins to wonder whether anyone at all quite measures up to them. Professor Murchison himself remarks that those who may rightly be called economists are numbered in the fifties rather than in the hundreds. He implies, however, that practically all our real economists are college professors, and that is a very dubious generalization. One need merely recall that even among the four classical economists he mentions, Ricardo not only was not a professor but was one of those stockbrokers for whom the professors profess so little respect, and John Stuart Mill was not a professor either, but a clerk in the India House.

In spite of the conflict of voices on so many points, Professor Murchison does find a highly impressive degree of agreement among genuine economists as opposed to the great body of lay opinion and the actual policies of governments. However hesitant or lacking in agreement the economists may be when it comes to positive proposals, they could, at least, if they were consulted, exercise a tremendously important veto:

> When a particular policy is unsound, the economist knows it and can say why. Where there is a particular problem to be met, the economist can at least pass judgment upon the proposals of others, if he himself has no solution ready. Usually he is at one with his fellows in meeting immediate situations. There is not a single economist in the world, be he red, pink, or liberal, who did not see long ago the infamy in the economic aspects of the Treaty of Versailles, or who would defend the present tariff policy of the United States, or who would advocate the forced maintenance of the present forms of competition in the coal industry, or who would oppose the public regulation of the employment of women and children in industry, or the standardization of the working week for mass-production activities, or the adoption of workmen's compensation and old-age insurance.

The question "What do you economists have to offer?" Professor Murchison hints, is being asked "just six years too late."

In view of all this, it would be interesting to learn just why the economist is so little consulted—why he does not get appointed to the Interstate Commerce Commission, or the Federal Trade Commission, or the Tariff Commission, or the Cabinet; why, when he is appointed to an international commission at all, he is simply smuggled in as a subordinate, an assistant, or an "adviser" without any real power; why his opinions on economic questions are so seldom asked for or quoted by the press, which devotes its headlines and columns to the happy overnight ideas of manufacturers of electrical appliances, bankers whose banks have not yet failed, and politicians who have nothing to gain by honesty or knowledge. And it would be interesting to learn, too, just why the economists do not speak up in a world deluged by charlatanism. It is true that in their first prominent attempt to do so—their petition to President Hoover in May, 1930, to veto the Smoot-Hawley tariff—they were utterly ignored. But they will have to learn to toughen their skins. They must speak out emphatically and constantly if they want to be heard.

How Standardized Are We?

WE also are human—and this, we hasten to add, is asserted for the benefit of those who think that we are less, rather than for the benefit of any faithful readers who may have been led by the impressiveness of the editorial plural into supposing that we were more. Take, for example, the fact that we, like mere private persons, often find ourselves abandoning our most cherished convictions when they are too ardently supported by a bore, and that even our constitutional habit of thinking things pretty bad disappears momentarily when we have talked too long with someone who thinks that they are worse.

We are, to be even more specific, getting pretty tired of hearing it said that everything about America is "standardized." In the first place, we have never been able to convince ourselves that the furniture in a Kansan's house and the furniture in a Kansan's mind are more monotonous than the same things are in the minds and parlors of a Bavarian or a Norman of a corresponding social class. In the second place—and this is more important—we do not see just how that theory can be made to jibe with another pet assertion of the intellectuals, namely, that what we lack most is unity —a common faith, a common purpose, or, as they like to put it when feeling unusually superior, a "tradition."

We are, of course, aware of the fact that the words "tradition" and "standardization" bear to each other the same relation as the members of certain other pairs like "thrift" and "stinginess," or "resolution" and "pig-headedness." We realize, in other words, that America might possibly seem "varied" to some and "formless" to others; but after long meditation and everything short of prayer we are still unable to conceive how it could be both "standardized" and "without a unifying tradition."

We have also noted that among those who find these United States standardized one moment and spiritually anarchic at another are to be numbered nearly all the neo-Anglicans, neo-Catholics, and neo-Thomists, who talk with nostalgic admiration about the medieval synthesis and the joys of living in a time when the answer to every question from the nature of God to the circumstances under which sexual relations between man and wife are permissible could be found in the "Summa Theologica" of the Angelic Doctor. In those beautiful Middle Ages everything besides thought was, to be sure, variable and disordered. The only thing you could positively count on was what a man would believe. But sometimes it seems to us that the boasted order of the time had begun organizing things at the wrong end; that we are nearer right when we insist that it is a good thing to have shoes in standard sizes and automobiles in standard design while leaving individuality of taste and opinion untouched. Our Communist friends, to be sure, promise to do away with variation at both ends and provide mental parts as readily interchangeable as those of a Ford, but we are not sure that even that would satisfy us as well as things as they are. We may be wrong. If we are not, America may be not such a bad place to live in, as such things go. And that can hardly be.

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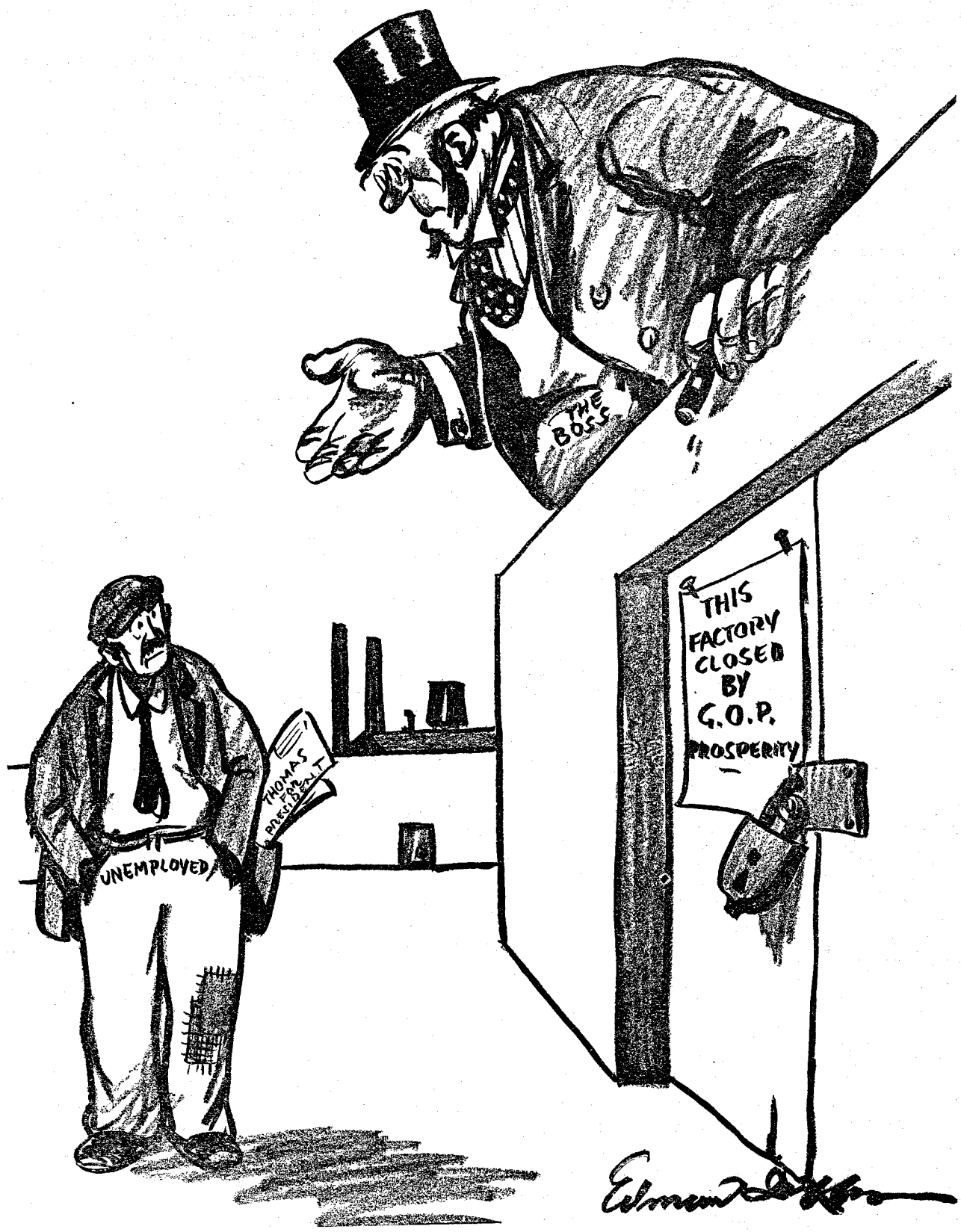

"Unless you elect Mr. Hoover, I'll have to put another lock on."

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THE POT AND THE KETTLE

The Bipartisan Tariff Humbug

FOR the life of me I cannot see why Mr. Hoover, and so many protected manufacturers, should become excited over Mr. Roosevelt's stand on the tariff. There was a time when Mr. Roosevelt thought that he would make a direct frontal attack upon the tariff his chief contribution to the campaign—at least so I am reliably informed. But when he spoke at Topeka on the plight of agriculture he took precisely the position which Mr. Hoover has consistently maintained as to tariff benefits for farmers. What he promised to do was not to reduce the present tariff on agricultural imports or to do away with it altogether, but "to make it effective." When he took that position he gave his whole case away. I know that he has since declared, like Speaker Garner and others, that the Hawley-Smoot tariff has struck a deadly blow at our foreign trade, while Mr. Hoover not only asserts the contrary but declares that if he remains in power the agricultural tariffs will be "widened." Now if a tariff on agricultural imports is a good thing for the farmer and should be made effective, as Governor Roosevelt says, it should also be widened, and if necessary increased. I submit that there is no issue joined between the two men here. Nor is there the slightest genuine difference in their general attitude on the tariff. Either (1) you must be a protectionist; or (2) you must assume the old Democratic position of Grover Cleveland and his school that a tariff can be justified only in order to produce revenue; or (3) you must be a free trader and opposed to all tariffs. There is no other alternative. Governor Roosevelt has come out neither for free trade nor for a tariff for revenue only. His only threat to the manufacturers is that he will lower certain rates. It is not the protective system that he is training his guns on, but only the heights to which some rates have been boosted. He plainly thinks that the rates on agricultural imports are exactly right, since he told the embattled farmers of Kansas that all that he proposed to do was to see that they were enforced *efficiently*. So I submit that here again we have the pot and the kettle; that there is no choice for those who wish to strike off the shackles of protection and liberate our foreign trade except to vote for Norman Thomas.

* * * * *

I AM quite ready to admit that the Socialists have not put the tariff issue to the front as they should. I think that Norman Thomas himself understands better than most men in his party the terrific injury done to our trade by the present tariff, but sometimes I wonder if even he fully realizes the demoralizing effect of the tariff upon our entire business and political life. Not only have Presidential elections usually been bought by the tariff magnates, whose open corruption has been revealed more than once, but the immorality of the whole proceeding, the playing up to these manufacturer favorites by the government, accounts considerably in my mind for the general corruption of American business. It is certainly a highly unfair and a highly improper procedure, to say nothing of its economic folly, for the government to single out a small portion of the population and say to it: "Let us go into business with you to the extent of guaranteeing your profits. We shall not ask whether you are running your business honestly or crookedly, efficiently or inefficiently. All we are interested in knowing is whether you are a manufacturer; if you think that you can't compete with somebody else, we will take your word for it and give you as much state aid as you need." Talk about putting people on a dole! Talk about putting the government in business!

* * * * *

THE truth is that Franklin Roosevelt has never yet shown any sign of understanding the economies of the tariff problem, any more than has Herbert Hoover. I see that many of the thousand college professors who protested to Mr. Hoover against the Hawley-Smoot tariff have now petitioned the President to see to it that the Tariff Commission be made to function properly and get rid of some of the outrageous injustices of the existing tariff rates. What innocents they are! Don't they know that the politicians have agreed to tariff commissions in the firm belief, heretofore justified, that the commissions will do nothing to take tariff revision out of their hands? At least they ought not to have been so tactless as to point out that the Tariff Commission is doing precisely nothing, and to do this on the day after the President, at Cleveland, had assured his audience that the Tariff Commission could be relied upon to take care of all the major injustices which might have crept into the tariff! Yet Governor Roosevelt will probably indorse the commission without realizing that thereby he again gives away the whole case against the protective iniquity. How I wish that he had sent for Bennett Clark, that fine upstanding son of Champ Clark, who is running for Senator in Missouri. Colonel Clark could have given him a lesson in political courage. The Colonel is letting everybody in Missouri know that he will not vote for any tariff merely because it might help some Missourians; and in the zinc districts around Joplin, where the whole mining business is down and out and the workers are unemployed, he has told the voters that he would not support a tariff on zinc no matter what happened. Colonel Clark could also tell Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hoover exactly how many millions of dollars in the sale of eggs to Canada the Missouri farmers have lost since Canada struck back at us after the Hawley-Smoot tariff checked the flow of Canadian agricultural products into this country. But I am very much afraid that neither Mr. Pot Hoover nor Mr. Kettle Roosevelt would be interested. They want to be elected, and therefore do not wish to offend the protected big boys who hold the money bags.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

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A Soviet-Japanese Deal Against America?

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, September 4

A YEAR after Japan's invasion of the Three Eastern Provinces the threat of war continues to hang over the Pacific, Japan is in the throes of a severe economic crisis, Tokio is weighing the advisability of leaving the League of Nations, Russia is in arms, and Manchuria is in ruins.

Far from extricating the Japanese Empire from its economic impasse, Manchuria has become a definite liability. Those Japanese who thought that the Manchu provinces would yield them immediate booty and profits are already disillusioned, and the Wall Streeters who, in contrast to the American public and Washington, remained pro-Japanese because they expected to participate with Japan in the exploitation of Manchuria, should know now—but probably do not; it is too early—that they have been nursing a vain hope. The flourishing Eastern Provinces of China have been visited in the last twelve months by famine, crop failure, floods, and destruction. No new investments have been made, although representatives of Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Kuhara, and other big Japanese trusts, on insistent "invitations" from the military, have investigated the prospects of new business. The reason is simple: guerilla warfare continues, and the country is not pacified nor likely to be for a number of years. The 1932 soya-bean harvest in Manchuria is estimated at no more than 40 per cent of 1931. Domestic trade languishes. In Southern Manchuria, according to Japanese sources of information, tax returns are down 75 per cent, and in Northern Manchuria 90 per cent. The Harbin *Nichi Nichi,* a Japanese organ, says: "The situation in Manchuria is so bad that no one must count on the rapid development here of Japanese or any other economic activity. First of all, it is necessary to reconstruct the ruined economy of the country, especially agriculture and finance."

In view of the sad state of affairs in Manchuria and in Japan, some political observers have bravely announced the conclusion of a Soviet-Japanese alliance, or deal, or understanding. After a year in which Japan's generals dreamed of Siberian conquest, these observers say, Tokio has been brought to earth by the fall of the yen, by hunger in imperial and Manchu villages, and by the difficulties, which might have been foreseen but were not, of permanently seizing a country with 30,000,000 disaffected inhabitants and with all the chaos of China as a hinterland. Political sobriety in Tokio, the theory goes, coupled with Moscow's natural desire for peace, has produced an agreement between the two nations most interested in Far Eastern affairs. This alleged Soviet-Japanese understanding provided, according to many foreign newspapers, that the Russians should concede Manchuria to Japan and the Japanese should concede Outer Mongolia to Russia. Another version suggested, instead, that Moscow would open Outer Mongolia to privileged trade. It stipulated, moreover, that the Soviets could retain the Chinese Eastern Railroad although it runs through Japanese Manchukuo, and that in consideration thereof, bankrupt Tokio would grant Russia huge long-term credits.

This strange political cocktail was never mixed. No negotiations or conversations have taken place between Tokio and the Kremlin which might have led to such an agreement. The tale about Moscow's "understanding" with Japan arose from and was published a few days after the signing of the Soviet-Japanese fisheries convention in August. The pourparlers on this important but limited problem have proceeded for several years, and the treaty is merely of an *ad hoc* character. It has political significance in that it makes peace a selfish interest of large Japanese firms. Its conclusion is not unrelated to a Japanese general's trip from Europe through Siberia to his island home. But the fisheries convention stands as an independent document and is organically unrelated to the critical complex of bigger questions which darkens the Soviet-Japanese horizon.

These facts having been established, one must add that a Soviet-Japanese agreement is conceivable. Russia has never wanted war, and the military in Japan are beginning to realize that they cannot afford to fight Russia. When that conviction grows more general, as is likely in the next few months, Japan—having gained her major objective, the conquest of Manchuria—may be anxious to stabilize and legalize her position by an agreement with Moscow. If that should be achieved, American Far Eastern interests would suffer, for it has always been the traditional policy of the United States to prevent Japan from buttressing her power on the Asiatic mainland.

Despite the Fish committee, the high cost and scarcity of American credits for Russia, and Washington's stubborn refusal to recognize the Soviet Government, there is no anti-American sentiment and no anti-American policy in Moscow. On the contrary, Moscow would be very happy to do commercial and political business with the United States, if only because it would feel safer if the Far Eastern situation were a tri-partite affair instead of, as at present, two insulated relationships: Soviet-Japanese and American-Japanese. Nevertheless, Russia's relations with Japan are tremendously important and very delicate, and she cannot forgo the possibility of a settlement with Tokio on the chance that, some day, the United States will deign to recognize her.

Yet a settlement is easier said than made. The wish for an agreement may soon be mutual, but the way is beset with many obstacles. Japan's first demand on the U. S. S. R. would be *de jure* recognition of the Manchurian state. Japan will not get out of Manchuria. She will sooner withdraw from the League of Nations. Tokio would like to have the Soviets follow its example in establishing diplomatic relations with Manchukuo, so that "Emperor" Pu Yi's "state" might have legal international status. If Russia refuses recognition to Manchuria, Japan will be irritated, and such irritation may mean war or at least expensive border con-

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troversies. If Russia grants recognition to Manchuria, she will offend China, whose popular good-will she has always courted, and anger Mr. Stimson, who has rightly defended Chinese territorial integrity. Yet it is not simply a matter of such direct alternatives. For Moscow already maintains *de facto* relations with the Manchukuo government. There are Soviet consuls in Manchuria and Manchurian consuls in Siberia. This exchange was imperative because Soviet Russia has thousands of citizens and high officials and the Chinese Eastern Railway on Manchurian soil, and in the present disturbed state of that country they need daily protection. The Manchurian authorities, naturally, will some day urge Moscow to transform this *de facto* recognition into ***de jure*** recognition.

With obvious intent to embarrass the Soviets, the Chinese government made Moscow a written-pact proposal just at this juncture. A pact with China and the recognition of an independent Manchuria are obviously incompatible. Nanking, however, has been unalterably and violently hostile to Russia since it first severed relations with the Soviets in 1927. There is no indication that Chiang Kai-shek has experienced a change of heart or that he has been subjected to any domestic political pressure which would account for his new offer. Indeed, that offer is, in essence, a continuation and a further proof of Nanking's hostility to Moscow. Nevertheless, the proposal is a fact, and the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs must reckon with it. Moscow has replied that it cannot negotiate a treaty with a nation with which it has no diplomatic relations. This is a firm principle which the Soviet Government has defended successfully in respect to England, France, and Japan, and which, informally, it has likewise enunciated to unofficial American visitors. If China would actually resume diplomatic relations with Russia, a settlement with Japan might be postponed and a rapprochement with the United States facilitated, provided always that Nanking gave other and sincere evidence of a desire to live on friendly terms with the Soviet republic.

In any inclusive negotiations between Japan and Russia the fate of the Chinese Eastern Railway, Russia's chief stake in Manchuria, would obviously be the subject of serious discussion. In 1924, I understand, Japan was ready to pay Moscow something like $300,000,000 in gold for the line. The Bolsheviks could not accept such an offer because that railroad, which today belongs to the Soviet Union, has been reserved by history as the national possession of the Chinese people. Until the present, Soviet control of the C. E. R. was essential to Russia not so much for commercial reasons—because it gives her shorter and cheaper access to Vladivostok and the Pacific—as for strategic reasons. Military experts admit that if any Power other than Russia held the C. E. R., it could bar Russia's approach to the Pacific, cut off her Maritime Provinces, and take Vladivostok. But today, although Russia retains the title and the official management of the line, the presence of Japanese soldiery in Northern Manchuria and in the C. E. R. zone deprives that formal possession of all strategic value. Irrespective of Russia's relation to the C. E. R., Japan is Siberia's neighbor and could, but for the concrete circumstance of a strong red armed force, step across the border and make herself mistress of Eastern Siberia. The C. E. R. is no longer a military factor. The Chinese Eastern, which hitherto has been a guaranty of peace in the "cockpit of Asia," has lost that role. This is a new historic development of vast significance, even though it has been overlooked by most commentators.

Commercially the railroad is a liability. Under the treaty arrangement of 1924 Russia and Manchuria divide the annual profits of the C. E. R.'s operation equally between themselves. Until 1929 each partner received an appreciable yearly sum. Now this money has been swallowed up in the anarchy which reigns in the Three Eastern Provinces. It is possible, moreover, that the C. E. R. may not be a business asset for many years, perhaps it may never be, simply because the Japanese are completing a competing parallel line and in August definitely decided on the rapid construction of a deep-sea harbor at Rashin in Korea, which is intended to rival Vladivostok, the eastern C. E. R. terminus, as North Manchuria's soya-bean port. Japan, therefore, is less interested than ever in owning or holding the Chinese Eastern Railway. To Russia it now becomes a transit route of shrunken significance involving expense and political discomfort and running through what is really hostile territory. The C. E. R. is thus a very exposed arm of the Soviet state, and the Kremlin must be hard pressed to know what to do with it. Japan does not need it, and would not pay much for it in any event. China cannot obtain access to it. Russia could not sell it to a foreign Power because that Power would have to fight Japan in order to make the sale real. There is no reason, finally, why the U. S. S. R. should simply surrender it to Japan.

I think no one either in Tokio or Moscow could offer a good suggestion for the future of the C. E. R.; the best solution, for the moment, is probably the prolongation of the present very unsatisfactory status quo. Neither in the case of the Chinese Eastern nor in that of recognition of Manchukuo is the time ripe for a negotiated change. Nor is Outer Mongolia a suitable factor in a Soviet-Japanese *quid pro quo*. Official recognition of Manchukuo would be a great consolation to Tokio. But official recognition of Russia's interests in Outer Mongolia is neither wanted nor needed. The additional circumstance must be remembered that whereas Outer Mongolia is now connected by good and short motor roads with the Siberian railway towns of Kiakhta, Verkhni-Udinsk, and Biisk, Japan, if she wished to buy and sell in Outer Mongolia, would have to take Kalgan, deep in the Chinese province of Chihli, where a long and difficult trade route to Urga begins, or try to develop the even longer camel track from Manchouli on the Soviet-Manchurian frontier. Japan may have designs on Mongolia, but that poor desert country is destined by geography to trade almost exclusively with Soviet Siberia.

What, then, would be the subjects of a Soviet-Japanese "dicker"? And why assume that the Soviet Union wants an alliance or an agreement or anything more than a non-aggression pact such as Moscow has been pressing with Japan for months past? Any real understanding is possible only between friends or between nations with common goals, common interests, or common enemies. (Japan and Russia have no common enemies.) Moscow can ask two things, and only two things, from Tokio—the evacuation of Manchuria and peace. It knows, however, that Japan has no intention of leaving Manchuria. And as long as Japan is Russia's land neighbor, Moscow must remain suspicious and nervous. If there were any real statesmen in Washington, they would know how to take advantage of this situation.

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This Is Manchukuo

By HENRY HILGARD VILLARD

Harbin, September 6

BETWEEN Japan and nature, conditions here are unbelievable. At least half the city has been under water, including the most important business streets, and the flood has dropped less than two feet. While that has reduced the spread a good deal in the upper city, it has had very little effect elsewhere. Fully 500 Chinese and Russians have been drowned here, and probably 10,000 more along the line of the western branch of the Chinese Eastern Railway. An enormous crop of soya beans has been destroyed, perhaps one and one-half million poods, and the losses in the west must be many times that amount. In addition to the flood and undoubted famine up river there have been 500 cases of cholera, but the Japanese have set up disinfecting and inoculating stations all over the town, and have now checked the disease almost completely. Also one whole block of buildings caught fire or was set on fire and burned pretty much down to the water's edge, so that the Chinese living in the upper stories were forced to jump, and some were drowned as the water was from six to eight feet deep. On the main street you can see cars, droshkies, rickshas, and boats all tied up in a traffic jam. I went to the bank by jumping from my car to a pier constructed out into the street—this in the upper town. In the Chinese section there are streets to remind one of Venice, full of boats rowed by landlubbers, so that collisions occur all the time. To add to the joy, as soon as the water goes down, a glorious stench arises. The policemen stay on their beats in boats, or sometimes stand on barrels in the shallower places.

This morning I went with the Y. M. C. A. launch which distributes food on the other side of the river. The flood there extends for miles, so that, were it not for rows of trees, one could see no horizon. The groups that the Y. M. C. A. is feeding number several hundred. In one place these unfortunates were crowded on ground a hundred yards long and not more than twenty-five feet wide. On this narrow spit, in addition to men, women, and children, and the rude shacks that housed them, were pigs, cows, dogs, ducks, and chickens. Another group inhabited a more rounded island with several small houses on it, crowded beyond belief and surrounded by a half-mile of water, the only high land near there being the railroad embankment of the western line, which has also very nearly been washed away. No relief has yet been sent up the river, and there is dire need for funds as the people will have to be fed through this coming winter. As for the railroad, the eastern line is entirely out of business. Our train to Harbin was the first one to come all the way from Mukden without stopping at various points while the passengers got out to walk past the wash-outs. We found there that a whole concrete blockhouse guarding a bridge, two stories high and heavily made of concrete, had been toppled over on its side and left about thirty feet below where it had previously stood. The force of the water had ripped a great section out of the railroad embankment, creating holes in what had been the embankment lower than the surrounding land. The steel rails had been bent and the entire track twisted upside down, so that the ties still attached to the rails looked like a board walk. I have been here a week waiting for a train to Manchouli. The last train that went through was attacked by bandit soldiers and the line has been cut ever since. The day we arrived, there was fighting only five miles from the line. This is Manchuria in September, 1932.

On top of this misery we find superimposed the new "independent state of Manchukuo." It is a dreadful farce. When the Independence Convention was held, the Japanese-paid Chinese delegates were asked to vote on whether they wanted "independence." Only seven voted favorably—simply because the others did not know what it was all about and not because they were unwilling. Immediately afterwards, thinking the meeting over, they departed in haste to a promised banquet, only to be called back briskly by Japanese soldiers with bayonets on their guns, who brought out and helped to unfurl the new Manchukuo flag. Thus was born a great republic. I happened to be present at Mukden when the Japanese General, Honjo, took his departure. I understand that it was reported in the Japanese press that he had a great ovation. The truth is that the ovation consisted of applause from school children let out of school and supplied with flags for the occasion, together with a few adult Japanese. The Chinese were conspicuous by their absence, except for a few who looked on in silence as the children waved the flags. By way of insuring a free expression of public opinion, the street on which this spontaneous ovation was staged and the adjoining streets were lined with Japanese soldiers with fixed bayonets. Even the Chinese police were absent for the reason that on that morning some police or mechanics around the airdrome revolted, killing two officers and eight men, firing the wireless station and airdrome, and destroying twelve or thirteen planes.

This sort of thing has been going on steadily. Very few of the Manchukuo Chinese forces can be trusted. They join when the Japanese come, get money, guns, and food from them, and then as soon as the Japanese leave they revolt. Most of the Chinese towns are recaptured by the "Volunteers" without fighting. The Manchukuo flag, or quite as likely the Japanese flag, is pulled down whenever the Japanese troops leave, and the Chinese flag is hoisted in its place. Then the Chinese press reports a great "victory" for the Volunteers; and so it is as far as the Japanese are concerned, for their work has to be done over again. An American correspondent told me of his train being stopped at a town at which the Japanese had fired blank cartridges for a while and then dispatched enough soldiers from their armored planes to drive out a scared Chinese police force. Three days later, in a solemn press conference, the Japanese spokesman read a petition from the same town to the effect that as the Chinese police force had departed, wouldn't the Japanese please come in and garrison the town to protect it from something or other. And the Japanese do not seem to mind having the public know the real facts. They think the form is all that matters, and that that will fix everything nicely at Geneva.

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What of the Japanese invasion? Is it likely to bring, in the course of time, the good government and the suppression of banditry which this country so very much needs? To give the Japanese credit, when it comes to doing a routine task efficiently they are good at it, as are the Germans, whom they very much resemble. But though there may be a possibility of actual physical benefits coming from Japanese rule, it is today a most important fact that sufficient opposition has developed and been maintained against the Japanese forces to disrupt conditions in Manchuria most seriously, render them far worse than they have been, and make it clear that the Japanese have a most difficult and baffling situation to cope with. So far they have merely succeeded in disorganizing things completely. For instance, they came to Harbin to protect the eastern and western lines of the Chinese Eastern Railway; since that time the eastern line has not run at all, and the western has only run a few trains in a month—in part, of course, because of the floods. Any question of the future, therefore, resolves itself into an attempt to guess how long Chinese financial aid—coming largely from Shanghai and oversea Chinese, and not merely from Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang—will continue on the one hand, and how long Japan can support an army here, on the other. I do not believe that Russia, America, or the League will materially influence the situation short of very serious action, such as war or economic boycott. My guess is that Chinese support will continue as long as the present disorder is maintained, which is largely in China's favor and of her making. The Volunteers live off the country, needing only arms and ammunition. A soldier is supposed to get less than $4 gold a month, and is rarely paid in full, so it costs very little to keep a force of irregulars in the field.

As for Japan, the only explanation of the fact that she has but 80,000 men here—no more than at Shanghai though the need here is much greater if order is to be achieved quickly—is that her finances prevent the sending of more. Besides, Japan's trade with Manchuria has been tremendously reduced, a serious matter in view of her other economic difficulties. But this is far from saying that she will withdraw. From the economic and the military point of view Manchuria is a Japanese failure, but to withdraw now when no returns have been received for the money expended would be to admit complete defeat, and that is unthinkable for the military clique which now controls Japan. It is the prevailing opinion here among foreigners that the Japanese military will stake everything on going ahead. Thus it is expected that the Japanese will move on Jehol Province this fall, and no one would be surprised to see Japan take Peiping and Tientsin. So we shall see what we shall see.

Part of the Commission of Inquiry of the League of Nations is coming through Harbin soon, which may afford some of us an opportunity to get on to Manchouli. The Japanese military insist that the line is clear. The railroad officials say that three bridges have been burned. The stories differ from day to day, but they remain stories, as no trains seem the least bit interested in running. This reminds me of the Post Office. The old Chinese officials have quit. There are one thousand unopened bags of mail right here. When you want your mail you are shown a big pile of letters and told to look for it and please to take all your friends' letters, too. It is reported that there are 1,500 bags of mail lying at Manchouli. So this is Manchukuo!

Missouri—a Threat and a Promise

By RALPH COGHLAN

St. Louis, October 17

AFTER long heart-to-heart talks with Missouri Hoovercrats, farmers, Republicans, South St. Louis Germans, Pike County squires, Ozark hill-billies, Joplin zinc miners, Missouri River mudcats, and other assorted representatives of the electorate of this State, I have come to the conclusion that Missouri will plump for Roosevelt in November, a conclusion which is, I grant, neither startling nor novel.

Missouri, in the last ten Presidential elections, has gone Republican five times and Democratic five times; so there is no such tradition of party loyalty here as obtains in Alabama or Vermont. But there are various factors that augur a Roosevelt victory. St. Louis, a normally Republican city, gave Smith a margin of 15,000 in 1928, and the diagnosticians are nearly all agreed that Smith's wetness was the cause. The city of St. Louis has a large economic interest in liquor manufacture, particularly beer. The promise in the Democratic platform of immediate modification of the Volstead Act is of immense political importance in St. Louis, because it means the reopening of the great Anheuser-Busch beer plant in South St. Louis, as well as other large breweries. I do not know what would be the actual economic results, in employment and so on, of the reopening of the breweries, but the fact is that both the making and drinking of beer are precious pursuits to the Germans of South St. Louis, who have never recovered from the shock of prohibition. It must be remembered, moreover, that old Adolphus Busch established a kind of benevolent feudalism in South St. Louis, and the memory of his beer, his generosity, and his truly unusual personality is still very vivid.

Now, the Germans of South St. Louis are Republicans, but they have absolutely no scruples about crossing party lines when their own interests and sentiments are involved. They were responsible for Reed's return to the Senate in 1922 largely as a reward for his attacks on Wilsonism, those same attacks having alienated such large blocks of Democrats that his defeat was freely predicted. They were also largely responsible for Smith's St. Louis victory in 1928, and it will be surprising if Roosevelt and the Democratic beer plank do not take them by storm.

The second factor in favor of Roosevelt is the remarkable discovery, brought about by Bennett Champ Clark's successful candidacy for the Democratic Senatorial nomination and Henry Kiel's successful candidacy for the Republican Senatorial nomination, that rural Missouri will no longer count the world well lost for prohibition. Rural Missouri has been a fief of the Anti-Saloon League for years, and the

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fact was so well recognized that it was the common practice of wet Senatorial candidates to simulate dryness in the country. One of Clark's opponents, Charles M. Hay, is a former Anti-Saloon League attorney, and in two previous races for the Senate he developed great strength in rural Missouri. One of Kiel's opponents, Dewey Short, is a Methodist minister and, of course, dry. The issue was clear cut—and the rural voters in droves deserted Hay and Short for Clark and Kiel, both dripping wet. Thus, the comparatively drier aspect of the Republican platform will not be so effective in rural Missouri as it would have been four years ago.

Factor number 3 in Roosevelt's favor is the emergence from merely local fame in Kansas City of one Tom Pendergast, a political boss who promises to carve a niche in history alongside Tom Taggart, Roger Sullivan, Frank Hague, and John Curry. Pendergast—irreverently described as a man "with a Braunschweiger figure and an Angus neck"—is God's gift to cartoonists. His physical bearing is a pictorially perfect example of the boss type before it was disfigured by dieting and Kollege-Kut garments. Tom is rough, tough, pot-bellied, and heavy-jowled.

His rise from boss of a waterfront ward to boss of Missouri is, of course, not entirely explained by his practice, let us say, of the copybook virtues of industry and perseverance. Granting they made him supreme in Kansas City, where in the recent primary he delivered more than 100,000 votes for his candidate for Governor, and nearly 100,000 for his candidate for the Senate, Charles M. Howell, he had to have luck to go farther. One piece of luck was the definite Democratic trend created by the depression, which automatically throws into the spotlight any man with 100,000 Democratic votes under his belt. Another was a blunder, the only conspicuous one in an unusually fine administration, on the part of the Republican Governor of Missouri. Governor Caulfield in 1931 vetoed a redistricting bill passed by a Democratic legislature, because it gave the Republican Party only five of the thirteen seats in Congress. This was not fair and the Governor said so, but who ever heard of a fair redistricting bill? Now, the effect of the Governor's veto was to cause the nomination and election at large of the State's entire delegation. And with Pendergast able to start off any Democratic aspirant with 100,000 Kansas City votes, thus practically insuring his nomination, the veto gave the delegation to the boss.

If any doubt remained of Pendergast's power in Missouri politics, it was dispelled by the course of events following the sudden death on October 12 of Francis M. Wilson, Democratic candidate for Governor. Under Missouri law the task of filling the vacancy fell to the Democratic State Committee, composed of sixty-four men from all parts of the State. The logical substitute was Russell Dearmont, who opposed Wilson in the primary and ran a good race. In addition to Dearmont numerous other names of well-known Democrats with good records were proposed. Pendergast, however, got behind Guy B. Park, an obscure country judge of Platte City. Against the furious protest of most of the large Missouri newspapers and a considerable segment of the party, Park was named on October 17 to succeed Wilson. Under the Pendergast pressure the supposedly independent committee flattened out and chose Park by acclamation. This action enhances the chances for victory of the Republican State ticket, though Pendergast undoubtedly figured that the prize was in the bag and that he could safely nominate Park. In any case, the boss ruthlessly swept aside all opposition and forced his man on the committee. Tweed or Croker never gave a more impressive demonstration of political czarism.

In his campaign speeches the Republican candidate for Governor has made Pendergast the issue in the campaign. He is saying that the Pendergast machine so thoroughly dominates Kansas City that a home-owner may not build a sidewalk on his own property without buying ready-mixed concrete from a firm favored by the machine; that he cannot obtain a permit to build a house until he has given assurance that he will buy all materials from the "right" dealers; that unless he buys his coal from a machine dealer, he will have serious trouble with the smoke inspector; that every child who buys a five-cent soft drink contributes part of the nickel to the treasury of the machine; that one great nationally known soft-drink manufacturer has withdrawn from Kansas City because he refuses to pay the tribute demanded.

Kansas City has had the habit of going Democratic in the primaries of Presidential years and Republican in the elections, but this year, with the Pendergast machine hitting on all sixteen cylinders, it looks like a Democratic sweep. One interesting straw in that direction is that the names of 57.5 per cent of Kansas City's entire population are on the registration books, and the best St. Louis is able to do is 46.5. Some Republicans are darkly hinting that among the 57.5 are the animal inhabitants of Kansas City's stock yards; the Democrats merely attribute it to Pendergast efficiency in getting out the vote.

I have discussed Pendergast at length because he and Bennett Clark are the only two interesting and significant figures in the entire campaign in Missouri. The one holds a threat; the other a promise. There are no issues unique to Missouri. Like the rest of the country, the State is "broke" and is running to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for money to keep its people from starving. The same desire for a change is evident here as elsewhere, not that Missouri is overcome with admiration of the amiable Franklin D. Roosevelt, but rather that it is determined to express its dissatisfaction with Hoover. The same unemployment is present. St. Louis is feeding one family in every ten, and Kansas City is practically as badly off. The zinc mines around Joplin are closed down and have been for a long time. Corn, wheat, cattle, tobacco, and cotton prices tell the tale in the rural section.

Missouri, then, presents a familiar economic picture. But it is seldom that any State witnesses, at one time, the rise of a political boss of Pendergast's proportions and of a newcomer to politics (if the son of Champ Clark can be called a newcomer) of such brilliant potentialities as Bennett Clark. Of recent years Clark, whose only public office has been that of parliamentarian in the House of Representatives when his father was Speaker, has been living in St. Louis, practicing law, though neither the law, per se, nor money-making seems to have engrossed him. We have an insight into his real interests in his recently published biography of John Quincy Adams, a work which could not have been written by anyone without a real flair for historical research and a deep interest in public affairs. One can learn about Clark from Adams, because Clark, in recording the career of a great public servant, so sympathetically describes his

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devotion to country and to public service that the reader must inevitably ascribe that quality to the author himself. Clark performed something of a political miracle in Missouri. Although he had made many speeches for his father and for ex-Senator Reed earlier in his career, he was an obscure figure in Missouri politics. He filed for the Senatorial nomination at the repeated suggestion of Reed, and on the theory that he would have Reed's support. That support seemed essential, because Clark had neither money nor organization. But at about the same time Pendergast put Charles M. Howell, an insurance lobbyist, into the field as his candidate. Reed, still nursing Presidential ambitions and realizing that to alienate Pendergast, who controlled the Missouri delegation to the Chicago convention, would be to dash his last hope, declared himself neutral as between Clark and Howell.

Clark was thus forced to begin the race from scratch, except for the advantage arising from the love and devotion his father's name arouses in Missouri. Most of the political prognosticators figured that he would run third; they could not see how he could overcome the tremendous vote assured to Howell in Kansas City by reason of Pendergast support, and the presumably great popularity of the dry Charles M. Hay in the rural districts. His prospects were made blacker by the extension of Pendergast influence to the St. Louis Democratic political organization.

Despite these discouragements Clark embarked on a speaking tour that was truly remarkable. Like the elder La Follette, he speaks at great length and in great detail, and it was not long before the St. Louis and Kansas City papers learned, from the abbreviated reports of these talks, that a Missouri politician was actually engaging in the business of forthright truth-telling. His audiences, too, were struck by the novelty of this departure from what is considered sound political practice, and by the pleasing impression of a young man who apparently was in every way worthy of a celebrated father.

Clark's campaign began long before the Democratic convention, but at the outset he announced himself in favor of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, a position that was made much easier for other Democratic candidates after the convention. But it was an even greater surprise to find Clark taking a liberal view of economic questions, which is the real test of any candidate. He favored government operation of Muscle Shoals, federal supervision of public utilities in interstate commerce, enactment of the Wagner bills, shorter working hours, and the use of the taxing power of the federal government as a brake upon the concentration of wealth. He opposed the emasculation of the anti-trust laws and all prohibitive tariffs.

Typical of the boldness with which he carried on his campaign was his choosing to deliver an anti-tariff speech in the Joplin zinc district, where candidates from time immemorial have soft-pedaled anti-tariff arguments because the district has always believed its economic salvation lay in protection. Clark did not merely denounce high tariffs in general; he warned his hearers that he would not weaken his general advocacy of "tariff reform by asking for any special favor for any special interest in the State of Missouri." He quoted the statement of his father, made in the debate on the Payne-Aldrich bill: "I will never help any living human being rob the American people simply because he happens to live in Missouri."

Another significant position taken by Clark early in his campaign was his opposition to the sales tax. Many Democrats flirted with it until it began to explode in their faces, and the Democratic membership of the Ways and Means Committee swallowed it hook, line, and sinker. Clark had the intellectual insight to see that such a tax is a scheme to shift the burden of taxation from those able to pay to those less able to pay, and he had the intellectual honesty to oppose it.

Clark's position on war debts is very similar to Senator Borah's. He opposes outright cancelation, preferring to hold the debts "as an economic and diplomatic club over foreign countries to compel pro rata reduction in armaments." His greatest weakness, in my opinion, is his attitude toward veterans' questions. He has not said what he would do about the bonus, but it is to be presumed that he would favor paying it, and that he would also favor other measures for increasing veterans' expenditures. His position, as I say, is not clear, but he was one of the organizers of the American Legion, is still a member, and in this campaign has enjoyed the active support of many Legion members. He could not oppose their desires without laying himself open to the charge of disloyalty, and I do not know whether he would be willing to make that sacrifice or not.

Though the prestige of his father played some part, Clark's victory was a personal triumph, brought about by the liberalism and outspokenness of his campaign speeches. He wrote his own speeches and was his own board of strategy for the most part, though he had the valuable assistance of his sister, Mrs. James M. Thomson of New Orleans, a brilliant speaker and organizer, and of Colonel Thomson, among others. That he was able to crack the Pendergast slate in one of its two key points was considered a master-stroke.

In the election, of course, Pendergast is supporting Clark, but, one may judge, it represents merely routine party loyalty. Clark looks like a certain winner, though his opponent, Henry Kiel, three times Mayor of St. Louis, might do better but for a serious difference of opinion among his campaign managers. One school of thought in that group favors running Kiel as a bricklayer, in which occupation he was once employed, and presenting him to the public as a fellow-toiler; the other school of thought answers, "Who the devil wants a bricklayer in the Senate?" and favors putting him forward as a highbrow. So on one night Kiel talks feelingly about carrying a hod under the burning sun and on the next is quoting Edmund Burke, Adam Smith, Spinoza, Plato, and Einstein. The public cannot figure it out.

Pendergast is almost sure to put over his candidates. His success will extend his influence not only to the State government but to the city of St. Louis, whose police and election boards are appointed by the Governor. The men on the St. Louis force, at present efficiently conducted on a non-political basis, are consulting family genealogies to prove to Boss Pendergast's future police board that they and their ancestors were suckled on Jefferson, weaned on Jackson, and brought to political wisdom under Woodrow Wilson.

So Missouri, alarmed by the threat of Pendergast, has as consolation the promise that Clark will not only give Missouri civilized and progressive representation in the Senate, but will grasp the leadership of the Democratic Party in Missouri. Let Clark do that and he will insure for himself a brilliant future in national politics.

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Wisconsin Turns to Roosevelt

By WILLIAM T. EVJUE

Madison, October 19

IF the Democrats, political "untouchables" in Wisconsin for three decades, are ever to strike for power successfully, it will be on election day of this year. Under normal circumstances they are few in number. There are probably no more than 50,000 real Democrats in Wisconsin, although the party has upon occasion rolled up an impressively large vote. Thus, in 1928 Alfred E. Smith narrowly missed carrying the State when he received a total of 450,000 votes. Moreover, the Democrats have no great popular leader to inspire them or to attract the enthusiastic support of the disgusted voters of other parties. But more serious than their lack of dynamic leadership is the particularly vicious character of the campaign being conducted against them by the conservative Republicans. In the primary campaign the voters, especially the workingmen, were told that the renomination of Governor La Follette would drive industry out of the State and close the factories that are still open. Largely as a result of these tactics the conservative candidate, Walter J. Kohler, bathtub manufacturer and former governor, defeated Philip La Follette by more than 90,000 votes. Today the voters are being told that they and the whole country will be plunged into an even more terrible panic if the Democrats win in the November elections.

Whether these efforts to throw the fear of economic disaster into the voters will succeed is questionable. While Wisconsin has weathered the depression better than most States because of its diversified agriculture and industry, the slump has nevertheless taken a terrific toll. Many people in this State are frankly demanding "a new deal because things can't be any worse." In addition, there is no enthusiasm of any kind here for Herbert Hoover. Even the conservative Republican candidates scarcely dared mention his name or their connection with the national Republican ticket during the primary campaign last month. On the other hand, Roosevelt sentiment is strong in Wisconsin. The aggressiveness of Franklin Roosevelt has served to make up for the lack of leadership among the Wisconsin Democrats. It is proving a boon to the candidacies of A. G. Schmedeman, Mayor of Madison, who is running for the governorship on the Democratic ticket, and F. Ryan Duffy, Fond du Lac attorney, who is seeking to replace John J. Blaine in the Senate. Both candidates are able and honest, but, alas, colorless.

Duffy's opponent is John B. Chapple, thirty-three years old, who edits a newspaper in Ashland. Five years ago Chapple was an outspoken Communist sympathizer. Today he is one of the most reactionary Republicans in the State. In the primary campaign he denounced the La Follette Progressives as reds inspired directly from Moscow, and described the University of Wisconsin as a hotbed of atheism, radicalism, and immorality. His blatant, demagogic attack enabled him to defeat the popular John Blaine by approximately 10,000 votes.

The public-utility issue will play a large part in the final outcome of both the State and national elections in Wisconsin. Judging by the platforms of the Republican, Democratic, and Socialist parties, the power trust has not a single political friend left in the State. All three parties early this month adopted planks calling for strict regulation of the public utilities and for public ownership where regulation breaks down. But the sincerity of the Democratic and Republican planks, particularly the latter, may readily be questioned. The power interests themselves supported and generously contributed to Kohler's primary campaign, going so far as to warn their employees to vote for Kohler or face wage reductions and possible loss of their jobs. But now the Kohler managers are bidding for Progressive support with the new public-utility plank, which obviously is intended only to serve as window dressing. The Democratic utility record is none too good. At the nominating convention last spring the power interests were influential enough to keep the power question out of the Democratic campaign platform. However, Roosevelt's statements on this question have had a profound effect, especially in this State where thousands of investors were caught in the Insull collapse. Mayor Schmedeman was one of the first Democrats to demand a utility plank. After his nomination he threatened to run on an independent platform if the new State platform failed to take a strong stand on the power question. He got the plank he wanted.

The second major issue has to do with unemployment relief. It is conservatively estimated that in the coming year Wisconsin will have to spend $20,000,000 to help the jobless. The conservative Republicans have shown by their campaign speeches and their activities in the State legislature that they want the communities to "take care of their own." In the senate they fought every move to increase income taxes, or to reach tax-exempt dividends, for the purpose of meeting the cost of unemployment relief. They blocked every effort of Governor La Follette to have the legislature enact a comprehensive and adequate relief measure, and finally approved a compromise measure which provided no more than $6,500,000 for relief. Former Governor Kohler is now promising to reduce expenditures, and hence taxes, and at the same time is declaring that in Wisconsin "nobody shall starve." How he plans to raise the money necessary to feed the unemployed without new taxes or increased expenditures he does not say. The Democrats, on the other hand, have adopted the Progressive position that the State must help, and must do this by taxing the incomes of those who are really able to carry this extra burden.

The outcome in November depends primarily upon the Progressives, whose leaders have now openly indorsed not only Governor Roosevelt, but the Democratic candidates on the State ticket as well. If Roosevelt, Schmedeman, and Duffy, with the help of this valuable support from the La Follettes, can attract most of the 320,000 voters who cast their ballots for Philip La Follette in the primaries, Wisconsin will go Democratic. But if the Progressives stay away from the polls or split their vote, the conservative Republicans may win. In either event it is apparent that Roosevelt will poll a huge vote.

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The Tariff on Sugar—a Case Study

By HERVE SCHWEDERSKY

ONE way to learn what effects tariffs really have is to take the question entirely out of the realm of generalities and come down to specific case studies. For this purpose our tariff on sugar has the advantage of having been in existence sufficiently long to afford a basis for long-range study. It was during the Administration of George Washington that a tariff on sugar was first imposed. Duties were assessed against imported sugar by the Act of July 4, 1789, in the amount of 1 cent a pound on brown sugars, 3 cents a pound on loaf sugars, and 1½ cents on all other sugars. We have had a tariff on sugar ever since, with the exception of four years under the Administration of Benjamin Harrison. Under the McKinley bill of October 1, 1890, a bounty of 2 cents a pound was granted to the home product. Sugar below the so-called "Dutch standard" was placed on the free list, while sugar above the standard was made dutiable at ½ cent a pound. This bounty was repealed in 1894 and the old-fashioned tariff was once more restored.

On December 17, 1903, under Theodore Roosevelt, the Cuban Reciprocity Treaty granted a reduction of 20 per cent on sugar imports from Cuba, making the duty on 96-degree raw sugar 1.348 cents a pound. Since then practically all of the dutiable sugar imported to this country has come from Cuba, and the rate in effect against Cuban sugar is the only one having any real bearing on our sugar trade. This tariff was lowered under the Administration of Woodrow Wilson, raised by the Emergency Tariff bill of 1921, and again on September 22, 1922, under the Fordney-McCumber bill, when the duty against Cuban imports was fixed at 1.7648 cents a pound. On June 17, 1930, President Hoover signed the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act. Among its many other increases that bill raised the duty on raw sugar to 2 cents a pound for Cuba and 2.50 cents for other foreign countries. On refined sugar the duty is 2.12 cents for Cuba and 2.65 cents a pound for other foreign countries.

It is interesting to refer back to the *Congressional Record* of March, 1930, when the new sugar tariff was under discussion in the Senate, and to read the impassioned speeches urging the increased duty in order to save the beet farmers and preserve our high standard of living and wages. We can also find in the same *Congressional Record* that the Tariff Commission, after an investigation, had found that the difference in the cost of producing sugar in this country as against Cuba was 1.23 cents a pound, a dissenting report placing this differential at 1.57 cents. Even at the higher figure this differential was less than the prevailing duty of 1.7648 cents; it represented only 78½ per cent of the new duty.

Another item worthy of note which was brought out in the discussion was that beet growers employ to a large extent cheap foreign labor, specially imported for the purpose, principally from Mexico. But this evidently failed to impress the proponents of the higher tariff. The real purpose of the tariff was to raise the price of sugar in this country artificially and in that way to safeguard the profits of the beet-sugar industry.

A comparison between the open-market price of sugar and the duties levied against it (as compiled by Willett and Gray) is illuminating:

Year	*Average Price of Raw Sugar Without Duty (cents per pound)*	*Duty on Cuban Sugar (cents per pound)*	*Percentage of Duty*
1910	2.828	1.3480	47.67
1915	3.626	1.0048	27.71
1921	3.459	1.6000	46.26
1922	2.977	1.7648	59.28
1928	2.459	1.7648	71.77
1930	1.499	2.0000	133.42
1932 (High)	1.200 (Jan. 8)	2.0000	166.67
1932 (Low)	0.570 (May 31)	2.0000	350.88
1932 (Recent)	1.160 (Oct. 18)	2.0000	172.41

In other words, while the duty represented almost 48 per cent of the price of raw sugar in 1910, it was reduced under Woodrow Wilson so that in 1915 it was a little under 28 per cent. The Emergency Tariff bill raised this to 46 per cent and the Fordney-McCumber bill to 59 per cent in 1922. The Hawley-Smoot bill brought this up to 133 per cent, while at the low prices of this year the duty represented 351 per cent of the open-market price on 96-degree Cuban centrifugal raw sugar. This low price of 0.57 cents a pound is the lowest price on record; it barely covers the incidental costs of making and handling the raw sugar, with nothing left for the grower of the sugar cane.

To understand the tariff and its effects, it is necessary to have an idea of the importance of the home industry it was intended to protect. The total consumption of sugar in the United States in 1931 was 5,475,000 tons. Of this amount 2,036,000 tons, or 37 per cent, came from Cuba; 2,111,000 tons, or 38 per cent, came from our insular possessions, Hawaii, the Philippines, and Porto Rico; and 1,293,000 tons, or 24 per cent, was domestic production. But the domestic sugar production is no better off, comparatively, in 1931 than it was ten years earlier. In 1921 and 1922, for example, our domestic production amounted to 26 per cent of our total consumption, compared with only 24 per cent in 1931. We were then importing 52 per cent of our consumption from Cuba and 21 per cent from our insular possessions. In other words, the tariff, even if we trace it back to the pre-war period, has not helped the home industry to any appreciable extent, but has merely helped our insular possessions to the detriment of Cuba. It has stimulated production in Hawaii, the Philippines, and Porto Rico, where our present tariff is the equivalent of a bounty of 2 cents a pound on sugar. This bounty is paid by the consumer. The sugar tariff is costing the consumer about $300,000,000 a year, or more than the total war-debt payments annually due the United States—a rather heavy tribute to pay for the upkeep of our beet-sugar barons.

This policy of discrimination against Cuba becomes even more incongruous when we compare the relative importance of our investments in the various sugar-producing countries.

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The latest available figures place the following estimates on these investments:

Domestic beet-sugar industry	$221,418,000
Domestic cane-sugar industry	56,274,000
Hawaii sugar industry	127,266,000
Porto Rico sugar industry	78,966,000
Philippines sugar industry	190,187,000
Total	$674,101,000

Against this we have invested in the

Cuban sugar industry	$800,000,000
Other investments in Cuba	750,000,000
Our total interest in Cuba	$1,550,000,000

These figures hardly need comment.

It might be added that increasing overproduction in the leading producing countries leads to a collapse in world prices of sugar; and such a collapse, of course, affects the domestic producer. Thus the tariff on sugar has turned into a boomerang which threatens to destroy even those whom it was primarily intended to save and protect.

There is another side to the tariff problem which is of paramount importance, but which is almost invariably overlooked when tariffs are under discussion. This is the relationship between tariffs and exports. Let us observe what effect the tariff on sugar has had on our trade with Cuba. Between 1910 and 1914 our imports from that country amounted to $122,077,000 annually, sugar and molasses accounting for $92,842,000. Our exports to Cuba during the same period averaged $63,047,000. The rise of sugar prices during the war and of our sugar consumption greatly increased the value of our imports. In 1920 these imports reached the amazing total of $722,000,000. But this was accompanied by a corresponding rise in our exports to Cuba, which in 1920 amounted to $515,000,000.

Since then the fall in sugar prices and the effects of our own tariff policy have gradually curtailed Cuba's purchasing power. This curtailment was immediately reflected in a corresponding decline of our exports. Between 1921 and 1925 our imports from Cuba averaged about $300,000,000, and our exports to Cuba about $175,000,000. Both continued to drop until in 1931 our imports were $90,059,000 and our exports $46,964,000. This represents a drop of 26 per cent from the 1910-14 averages. (The figures are taken from Department of Commerce reports.)

In order to dispel any doubts, it may be pointed out here that the excess of our imports from Cuba over our exports to that country represents, with minor adjustments, dividends and interest payments on our investment in Cuba. Needless to say, these payments have declined in proportion to the decline of our foreign trade, and the purchasing power of American investors has been curtailed by the amount of that decline. In Cuba the collapse of sugar prices has resulted in widespread revolt, in bombings and killings, in poverty and suffering, heightened by the desperate efforts of the Machado regime to preserve Cuba's credit in America and to meet all payments on the foreign debt. A careful analysis of our trade with Cuba discloses a close relationship between the plight of Cuba and the plight of the American farmer. Following is a comparison of our sales, in dollar values, of various articles to Cuba in 1925 and in 1931:

	1925	*1931*
Meats	$9,332,000	$2,038,000
Lard	14,326,000	3,920,000
Milk and cream	2,746,000	246,000
Eggs	3,142,000	20,000
Boots and shoes	6,532,000	153,000
Wheat flour	9,970,000	3,748,000
Beans	2,238,000	80,000
Potatoes	2,156,000	172,000
Cotton cloth	13,593,000	4,884,000
Coal	3,062,000	1,398,000
Iron and steel	13,538,000	1,398,000
Industrial machinery	24,550,000	1,394,000
Sugar-mill machinery	11,767,000	99,000
Automobiles	5,053,000	570,000

In sum, the tariff on sugar has completely failed in everything that it was intended to do. It is costing the consumer $300,000,000 a year and yet it has failed to maintain sugar prices. It has promoted overproduction. It has destroyed a large part and jeopardized the balance of our investments in Cuba, totaling $1,550,000,000. It has practically wiped out our export trade with Cuba, and has hurt the farmer and the manufacturer. Instead of promoting employment at home, it has helped Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, and has contributed to our own unemployment problem by destroying our exports of products manufactured in America and of food products raised in this country. It has not safeguarded the profits of our sugar industry, but has merely postponed for a short period the ultimate decline of that industry. It has impoverished Cuba and hurt the United States. And this is just one sample tariff schedule.

A Country Clothes Line

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

We strung the clothes line out between two trees
where what we stood to lose of landscape had
the least claim upon our eyes' opinion—
a nettle patch, a side of broken fence,
an old apple that looked as if the winds
of twenty years had stored their sweepings on it.

I could not bear to see them covered up,
and when it came to hanging the first wash
I walked away stooped under private cloud.

When I returned I looked up niggardly
at what I must grow used to see, and saw
a pleasant something else.

I saw a sheet
by its wet weight gone low enough to take
a border etch of tilting grass stems;
above, some birds parading on the line
gave it a lively counter border, while
the sheet moistly took sunlight like a polish.

Whereby I learned that given space enough
Nature by prompt adoption, or it may be called
familial recognition, can set anything at home.

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Pending Repeal

By FORREST REVERE BLACK

MILLIONS of Americans, listening in on the Democratic convention in June, believed that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment was just around the corner. As the delegates from the rural fastnesses of the South and West voted wet, Mrs. Charles Sabin, generalissimo of the feminine foes of prohibition, was heard to remark: "Where are the thirteen States now that can block repeal?" That there has been a tremendous upheaval in public sentiment no one can doubt, but certain hard facts stand in the way of outright repeal in the near future.

The amending process is a cumbersome one. Two-thirds of both houses of Congress must initiate the amendment, if the customary method is used, and this means that before the proposed amendment can ever go to the States, it must have bi-party support. There has never been a time in our history when one political party controlled a two-thirds' majority in both houses of Congress. This one fact diminishes somewhat the significance of the Democratic platform, and it should not be forgotten that the Republican convention repudiated outright repeal. Further, many delegations voting wet in the Democratic convention represented States that will be predominantly Republican in the next Congress. But even assuming that the Democrats will carry three-fourths of the States, there is no certainty that the representatives of that party will abide by the national platform on the prohibition issue. Twelve days after the convention adjourned, a Democratic Senator, speaking on the floor of the United States Senate, said that "beverage alcohol is a squanderer of morals, intellect, and will. . . . To say that it should not be forbidden by law and fought by every weapon at our command is to deny our duty both to God and mankind." Yet this Senator represented a State whose delegates voted unanimously for repeal in the convention.

The votes on the various "beer resolutions" in the closing days of the last Congress should have dampened the ardor of those who insist that immediate repeal is possible. Scores of Democratic members in the House and Senate brazenly repudiated the fresh mandate of their party formulated in the national convention. Moreover, the wets in their enthusiasm for a signal victory have forgotten the fact that no amendment has ever been repealed. They have forgotten that the Supreme Court of the United States in 1895, by a decision of five to four, overruled a well-established principle when it declared that a federal income tax was unconstitutional, and that we had to wait eighteen years to get an amendment to cure the effect of that decision. In the meantime we fought the Spanish-American War relying on odious and ineffective stamp taxes. It has been estimated that the federal government lost more than a billion dollars in revenue because of the awkward character of our amending machinery. The advocates of the "lost" Child Labor Amendment could reveal much to the repealists if they would listen.

The most important roll call on prohibition in the last Congress was on the proposal to bring the Beck-Linthicum amendment out of committee. This was the first wet and dry test vote in Congress in a decade, and the wets piled up a surprise vote of 187 but were defeated by a dry vote of 227. If that vote were tabulated by States, we should find that the 227 dry votes would put twenty-eight States in the dry column—and thirteen States can block permanently any effort at repeal.

At the present time most of the wet organizations and their leaders, failing to appreciate the inherent difficulty of the amending process, are concentrating their energies on the ultimate objective—repeal. They have neglected a consideration of the more immediately pressing question—what to do in the interim. Inevitably they will find that the most effective program for ultimately doing away with prohibition lies in a gradual, piecemeal attack.

There are today two minority schools of anti-prohibition thought concerned with the immediate problem—the modificationists and the nullificationists. The aim of the Congressional Districts Modification League is to amend the Volstead Act and liberalize the statutory definition of an "intoxicating liquor." It is true that there is no scientific agreement as to the exact alcoholic content of an intoxicating beverage, and hence it would be possible to raise somewhat the limit of ½ of 1 per cent specified in the Volstead Act and still be able to run the gauntlet of the Supreme Court. But as a solution, modification is a futile method because the wet forces would not be satisfied with anything short of genuine beer and good wine, and both of these are, by definition, intoxicating. While the Eighteenth Amendment remains in the Constitution, it is futile to hope that the Supreme Court of the United States, whatever its personal sympathies and whatever changes in personnel may occur, will declare that genuine beer and good wine are non-intoxicating.

The way out of the prohibition muddle will probably be found in nullification. The Eighteenth Amendment is not self-executing. Therefore, the best wet strategy would be for the House of Representatives to refuse to appropriate money for the enforcement of the Volstead Act. According to the vote on the Beck-Linthicum bill, the wets need acquire only twenty-two additional votes to accomplish this. Then, when a wet majority is obtained in the Senate, the Volstead Act can be repealed. The wet States in the meantime can repeal their enforcement acts. But it should be obvious that this would not constitute a solution of the prohibition problem. It would not even satisfy the wets, because an unregulated and a non-revenue-producing liquor traffic is unthinkable as a solution.

It will require some time and perhaps several roll calls to convince the wet organizations that repeal is not a feasible present remedy. It will be an even longer time before anti-prohibition leaders realize that nullification can be utilized as a process of government. But once the ideas are grasped, first, that it is possible to raise revenue from the liquor traffic, and, second, that it is possible to regulate the traffic without having either the revenue or the regulatory laws declared unconstitutional as violating the Eighteenth Amendment, the "noble experiment" will have started toward its end.

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The principle is well established that the government, in taxing a business, does not recognize its lawful character and does not sanction its existence. After the citizen pays his tax, he simply has a receipt and not a license to engage in the business taxed. As early as 1811 a Georgia court, construing a State statute that imposed a tax of $1,000 on a faro table used for the purpose of gambling, in every different county in which it was so used, held that the use of the faro table for the purpose of gambling was not rendered lawful by the tax imposed on the instrument. At the present time, under the federal income tax, our government levies a tax on the bootlegger's profits from the illicit traffic in liquor. It is well established that a tax may be imposed for purposes of revenue or, under the police power, for purposes of regulation or prohibition. If it is used for purposes of prohibition, it constitutes a penalty for carrying on the prohibited business. It is clear therefore that the government can impose a tax upon a business that is prohibited.

When it comes to the regulation of the liquor traffic, if federal and State enforcement acts were repealed, it would be possible for the States under the police power to regulate the liquor traffic without violating the prohibition amendment. By a system of negative regulations the State can penalize what it wants to penalize. Justice Holmes has said: "The State may direct its law against what it deems the evil as it actually exists without covering the whole field of possible abuses." A lack of abstract symmetry in the law does not matter. An illustration will aid in making clear this proposition. The State of Montana has repealed the State prohibition law. But in another section of the Montana Code there is still on the statute books a law providing for a penalty for the sale of liquor to minors. Does anyone doubt that a violator of that law commits an offense against the State for which he can be punished? Does anyone contend that such a law sanctions or authorizes the sale of liquor to adults? That law constitutes a typical illustration of what may be designated a negative regulation under a system of State nullification. If that law is valid, why is it not within the constitutional competency of a State, under the police power, to make it an offense to sell liquor on Sunday or on any day after certain hours? And if that can be done, why is it not possible to provide by a series of negative regulations a control of the conditions of sale and consumption of liquor? It would not require extraordinary adroitness, in drafting such legislation, to keep free from drifting into a position where the State would be positively legalizing what the Eighteenth Amendment condemns.

The effect of such a policy would be that where public sentiment in a State allowed it, all persons not within the proscribed classes would be enabled to procure palatable liquor under the circumstances and conditions permitted by the State law. It should be noted further that under a policy of nullification liquor manufacturers and dealers would not be permitted to incorporate, and contracts for the sale of alcoholic beverages would not be enforcible, in either State or federal courts as long as the Eighteenth Amendment remained in the Constitution. The absence of corporate and credit facilities for the liquor traffic would constitute a distinct social advantage, for the reason that the liquor business would be in the hands of small producers and retailers under circumstances that would be conducive to competition in quality and price.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has reason to believe, after an encounter with a Westerner fresh from the ranges, that the West—and the Drifter means the West that is east of California—is much the same as it has been. For one thing, the dirt road still prevails, and twin ruts lead to many a distant ranch. Only the main-traveled highways have suffered any improvement. At the risk of offending some of his friends in the cow country, the Drifter admits to satisfaction at the news. There is nothing like a dirt road for discouraging progress—and he has hopes that he will yet have time for one last look at the great open spaces before service stations begin to crowd the cattle trails.

* * * * *

ASIDE from the negative value of keeping traffic out, the dirt road has a positive value. Unlike the broad cement that invites speed and imposes restlessness, the dirt road is leisurely. It is narrow, but its narrowness has no oppressive connotations because it is never straight. Macadam leads always somewhere else. It is a foreigner passing through. But the dirt road is static and indigenous, inviting contentment for the simple reason that there is no incentive to go on. In the populous East it offers the easiest way to seclusion. Getting away from it all consists usually in turning down any one of a thousand "little dirt roads." And surprisingly enough, if the traveler follows almost any one of them, he is likely to find, not so much as a mile from the main cement, a remote section of land and life he had not dreamed existed.

* * * * *

SOME of the most mysterious dirt roads the Drifter has ever found lie between hedgerows in Brittany, and are less than half a mile long. Along their course one may find the Middle Ages in a worn statue of the Virgin, a deserted monastery, or the wondering eyes of a peasant peering from a shadowy barn and then receding into its depths. As for the rest of France, it is certainly along the unpaved roads and towpaths that one learns about the Frenchman's way of life. And it is not too much to say that to follow the dirt roads of any country is to find the quickest route to an understanding of its inhabitants.

* * * * *

IT is the dirt road of the sparsely populated American West that the Drifter finds most satisfying, probably because he spent one of his most memorable months journeying through a remote section of the Idaho sheep country in an early automobile whose tool kit included not only a tire pump and a jack but a shovel for slicing off high centers. For days the car followed precarious ruts, stopping at night at a hospitable sheep camp or a crude settlement. Sometimes it passed—or was passed by—a slow but steady sheep wagon. For the most part it was alone on the landscape. And it is that experience, not so much of seclusion as of going nowhere with all possible delay, that the Drifter would like to repeat before the net of cement closes in.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

"Good-for-Nothing"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Thoreau says somewhere that a man is not morally or intellectually the worse for a patch on the seat of his pants. As a man who for the past thirteen months has been unemployed, I cannot say that I credit the statement with any truth. I don't have the patch as yet, but I sense vividly, wind and weather aiding, a need for several good-sized blocks of warm cloth. Correspondingly I feel that my mind needs patching, too. My suit has, through all these days, lost caste among the respectable, for when I walk halfway across the city to apply for a job, I meet the employer and he sums me up in a sharp, critical glance, fraught with disapproval. It's a pretty lowly suit of clothes, I grant. Yet it is, apparently, too good for sitting with my fellow-sufferers and getting up any kind of conversation. They distrust my grooming.

Through all this past summer I have tried to while away some of the hours of my enforced idleness in Grand Circus Park, a trysting place for us "good-for-nothings." (This phrase I caught from the lips of a portly old lady who was scrutinizing the "benchers" from her straight-eight Packard.) There was quite a bit of talk in June and July among the impromptu assemblies in the park, and the general drift of it all was that since the "pick-up" didn't come in the spring, it was bound by some cosmic necessity to appear on the scene full-fledged on or near October 1. There were some dissenters from the opinion, but they were Communists and had nothing to offer in the way of "good times." My comrades seem to distrust the reds because, as I have heard more than one of them declare, they "don't have the cash."

It's a little chilly around the park now, and even the pigeons are not coming so frequently. The fountain is dry, and there are dead leaves in its basin. The Statler Hotel, diagonally across the street, still prospers, its sizable monolith screaming out the victory of man over matter. A great many people go there in the evening for dinner. They can be seen alighting from richly appointed cars on the arms of mummified chauffeurs. The "good-for-something" people hurry through the doors to sate their jaded appetites with the chef's table d'hote, while the "benchers" across the street don't even wonder when they will go home for the good reason that they have no home. Not long ago when a big party was being given, twelve or more uniformed attendants, thickly stippled with shiny buttons, were waiting patiently, like male caryatids, under the brilliantly lighted marquise. A shaggy-faced veteran of the depression, on the eve of his third jobless winter, had been talking to me, but stopped suddenly, his eyes fixed in a cold stare of hatred, as he saw three cars drive up to the curb and unload a set of shamelessly laughing women. When, I asked myself, will the venom of hate, born of sheer hunger, tingle in his fingers and drive him to murder?

By dint of avoiding breakfast except for a cup of coffee, and for my lunch taking two apples, which I get for a nickel, I can live well into the middle of January. Then I don't know what will happen. I am, possibly, an educated man. The few years that I have earned my way in the world, I have done so by the white-collar method. In fact, I taught French in one of our larger educational plants in the Middle West. I am a bachelor and master—of arts. "You've had it soft," I was told by a former Chrysler employee, who asked me how many hours a day I put in on the job, and he was probably right. Now I am turned out into a world stinting of its mercies. Not for long will I be able to continue my one-meal-per-day schedule; not for long will I dare to hope, in the face of the facts these fellow-benchers thrust upon me.

We are now in the middle of October. The "pick-up" didn't come. There is less and less talk going on, and the men seem to be freezing into silent despair. It's much easier to get a seat in the park, too, for the weather is already wintry. I and doubtless counted fortunate for the possession of an overcoat by those that still go there wearing the same clothing they wore in June.

I have, as I said, enough money for scant provender until January. What then? I don't quite know. I don't believe I can stick it out with my comrades of the bench, and I am afraid that in my impending adversity I shall put my distress to uses not deemed sweet by the law of this land.

Detroit, October 17 "Good-for-Nothing"

Pairing Votes for Thomas

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am one of those who believe that the only liberal votes which will not be thrown away this fall will be those cast for Norman Thomas. There are, nevertheless, many who would like to vote for Thomas but who are afraid to do so lest they should help elect Hoover. There are others who would like to vote for Thomas but who are afraid to do so lest they should elect Roosevelt. Both of these groups are likely to go to the polls with a heavy heart and vote to keep someone out rather than for their first choice. Their votes, moreover, will in large measure cancel each other.

I believe we have devised a way to enable both of these groups to do that which they really desire most of all—namely, to vote for Thomas without injury to their second choice and without aid for the candidate whom they dislike most. The method briefly is this: Will all such voters communicate briefly to one of the vote exchanges mentioned below (1) their name, (2) the State in which they live, and (3) whether they are planning to vote for Hoover or Roosevelt. We will then arrange pairs from identical States and will inform each person who the other member of his pair is. Both will then be able to vote for their first choice, Thomas, without fear of aiding or injuring the chances of either the Democratic or Republican candidate.

This seems a fruitful way of transforming wasted votes into votes that really will mean something. Will voters in the Eastern States who feel themselves in such a predicament therefore kindly communicate with Miss Mary Fox, 112 East Nineteenth Street, who will manage such a voters' exchange in the East; and will those in the Middle West write me at 5660 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago. It would be better still if some of the readers of this journal would start informal local exchanges, thus covering a wider area and lessening the burden of work upon the large exchanges.

Paul H. Douglas,
Chairman, Thomas and Maurer Committee of 100,000

Chicago, October 20

For Readers in Toledo

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *Nation* readers in and near Toledo who are interested in the formation of a discussion group may communicate with the undersigned at Post Office Box 81, Station F.

Toledo, Ohio, October 1 S. L. Davis

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Central YMCA College, Chicago
FOREWORD BY DR. CLARA M. DAVIS
The Children's Memorial Hospital, Chicago
INTRODUCTION BY PROFESSOR T. V. SMITH
University of Chicago

Read the following partial table of contents

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Qualifications for Parenthood; Voluntary Examination of Prospective Parents; Pre-natal Hygiene; Miscarriage, etc.
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Books and Drama

Fable

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Silver as only windless water is,
The pool gave back each willow to the sky.
And so Narcissus, dreaming there of his
Immaculate image—marble flank and thigh,
Whose flesh no violence had set seal upon
Or kissed alive; less mortal in such guise,
More godlike, being half Hermes and half faun—
Leaned to that mirror with adoring eyes.

Surely such beauty had not been before
On earth. What golden wonderment could plague
The heart with burning sweetness to the core!
But strangely that reflection bore a vague
Presage of peril grievous and unknown. . . .
Poor fool, and if that face were not your own?

Frank Harris Again

Frank Harris. By Hugh Kingsmill. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THE formal biography of a liar is not easy to write, and Mr. Kingsmill has hardly attempted anything of the sort. Now and again he undertakes to establish an objective fact concerning his subject's earlier years, but for the most part he is content to draw upon his own knowledge and to supplement it with what his contemporaries can tell him. As a result, Harris's youth remains about as misty as it has always been before, but we get, nevertheless, the most vivid and illuminating of the various character sketches which have appeared. It is possible that more facts will be brought to light if anyone cares enough to search for them, but it is not likely that we shall get a more convincing portrait of a picturesque and exasperating scoundrel who remains strangely pathetic despite his manifold sins.

In the pages of *The Nation* Mr. Francis Hackett once accused me bitterly of romanticizing this scoundrel for the purpose of depreciating his friendly enemy, Bernard Shaw. I certainly had no intention of making myself the champion of a man whom his associates, almost without exception, found utterly impossible; but Mr. Kingsmill's book abundantly supports my real contention—namely, that Harris's downfall was due not only to his vices, but to his queer, incongruous virtues as well. He was unscrupulous, untruthful, and treacherous. No one could work with him or even lend him a hand without being brought sooner or later to regret the association. And yet a quixotic impulse, a sudden inability to conceal any longer what he really felt, would wreck his scoundrelly plans to succeed at all costs. He might get the editorship of the *Fortnightly* and be cynically determined to rise in the Tory ranks; but he would lose his job by defending Parnell when Tory respectability became more than he could bear. Thus, also, when he was editor of the *Saturday Review,* he could jeopardize his position by privately defending Oscar Wilde, and could finally make that position impossible by his support of the Boers. One may succeed by being thoroughly dishonest and—occasionally—by being thoroughly honest, but there is nothing which leads more surely to failure than hypocrisy tempered by occasional outbursts of sincerity. A really decent man would never have consented to try to rise in a party whose principles he despised, but an efficiently contemptible one would not have destroyed himself in an access of honesty. Harris's liberalism, like his enthusiasm for Shakespeare and Jesus, was shrill, exhibitionistic, and a little absurd, but it was genuine in its own way.

Without obtruding psychological theories, Mr. Kingsmill makes it perfectly clear that Harris is to be understood only as the victim of an inferiority complex too severe to be other than destructive. Whatever his real youth may have been, he was very anxious to conceal it by hinting at social and educational advantages which he never had, and by determining to succeed so spectacularly at something—whether politics or literature—as to wipe out all doubts about himself. That he had, besides this spur, certain genuine talents is proved by the measure of renown he actually achieved; but he was one of those unfortunate men whose needs outrun their capacity, and he made up the difference with pretense and with delusion. Sometimes he blustered and cheated his way into prominence; sometimes he indulged in empty boasting which was obviously ridiculous to everyone except himself. When he started his career as a bootblack, he was soon shining two pairs to his employer's one; when he went to work as a laborer on the Brooklyn Bridge, his foreman told him, "You are the best in the shift"; when he became a cowboy, he was recognized as the best rider that had ever been seen; and, of course, his triumphs with women put Don Juan and Casanova to shame. But to take Harris at his own valuation is to be scarcely more wrong than to set him down as mere cad and fool. With less talent he would have been a madman; with more he might have been a genius. But here again he fell between two stools. His drive exceeded his capacity, and he would have gone farther if he had had either less of the one or more of the other.

Mr. Kingsmill is also, I think, essentially right in judging Harris's literary work as neither so good as his admirers claim nor so bad as his enemies would make out. His short stories were given exaggerated praise by men like Arnold Bennett, partly because they were in the newly fashionable style of the French masters, partly because Harris's personality startled one into the belief that his writings must be as extraordinary as the man himself. And much the same thing is true of his biography of Wilde and of his book on Shakespeare. Both are interesting without being truly great, but both are also sufficiently blustering and sensational to impress romantically minded persons to whom the grand gesture means much. Harris remains his own most interesting creation, and like any character in fiction he is remarkable by virtue of the simple fact that he is vivid. One can hardly like a man who is both vicious and ridiculous, but that does not prevent him from becoming a very picturesque figure in legend.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Still Groping

Beyond Desire. By Sherwood Anderson. Liveright. $2.50.

IN his time Sherwood Anderson has written moving autobiographies and some of the most exquisite short tales ever told on this continent. He has thrown light upon the dark interior of the Middle West. The trails he blazed in American prose have been beaten into broad highways by Hemingway and Dos Passos. He remains a spiritual force to which, despite all its shortcomings, we owe much: as we must owe much to any one who, in a country which does not encourage such virtues, has stood for honesty and simplicity of heart.

But the dismal fact persists after almost a score of years:

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he is not by nature a novelist. Not one of his long fictions has withstood the weathering of time. They lack solidity, clarity, and conclusiveness. They are fabricated not out of powerful emotions, large ideas, and fully realized human beings, but—and too obviously—out of personal doubts, crises, memories, and temporary interests. The shaping spirit of imagination does not seem to work through them.

Remembering what Mr. Anderson will not learn about the writing of novels, one is not surprised to note that the seven years between "Black Laughter" and "Beyond Desire" have witnessed essentially little growth in him. He has moved from the Mississippi to a small Georgia mill town; and to his brace of standard confusions—confusion about sex and confusion about the deadness of American life—he has added a third: confusion about the class struggle. To the labor problem in the South he brings the same sincere bewilderment that, a dozen years ago, he lavished on the male menopause. A new subject matter has not created a new Anderson.

The subject matter itself is not quite clear. The theme of the section headed Youth is one not unfamiliar to readers of Anderson: the vague yearnings of Red Oliver, groper. The section entitled Mill Girls offers a touching, if not very solid, picture of the dreary life of young factory workers. The third part, Ethel, is really an independent long short story: a study of sexual frustration in a middle-class woman. The formal connection between the second and third sections is as casual and unsatisfactory as the physical encounter which binds Ethel to Red Oliver. The final division, Beyond Desire, pitchforks Red into a workers' struggle of whose import he is but dimly aware. He dies fighting a vague battle among a group of laborers and Communists the like of whom was surely never seen on land or sea. He might just as well have allied himself, as far as this reader is concerned, with a detachment of female Bostonians and perished in the cause of Christian Science. To add to the confusion, Anderson seems to have gone in for a new zigzag narrative method which courageously defies all the known laws of chronology and gives an average mortal's time-sense no chance whatsoever.

Red Oliver has little reality because Anderson himself does not seem quite to know what he symbolizes. Furthermore, Red's background, which is supposed to be part of the boy, is never convincingly created. The mill girls, for all the author's sympathy and warmth, are wraiths. They talk a language patented by Anderson years ago and used solely by characters appearing under his management. His poor whites have simply not been studied: small-town baseball fans do not, when expressing approval of a neat play, cry out: "Good!" A tramp, wishing to ridicule affected language, cannot say: "Ain't we getting swell! We are getting highbrow," without giving the reader an uneasy sensation of something wrong—a sensation which becomes a positive conviction when such tiny errors in verisimilitude are repeated a thousand times. Anderson is uncertain about his people mainly because they are so uncertain about themselves. He identifies himself with their bewilderment, which is a disconcerting attitude for a novelist to take. It is all right enough to be bothered, as Anderson is, by the ambiguity of experience, but when characters wander through 360 pages thinking: "It was unimportant. It was terribly important," the reader may be forgiven for wondering whether it was either. Traditionally, a novel embodies the resolution of an emotional conflict in the author's temperament. Anderson never advances beyond the conflict itself. Even this might be interesting if only it were clearly recorded. But it is not—and, in any case, it is debatable whether a novelist has a right to keep on asking himself questions for 360 pages.

Furthermore, has he a right to stud these pages with such grave discoveries as those which inform us that in the South "a great deal is made of family"; that "people like to be bullied by doctors"; that "young men have the blues as well as old men"? It would be small-minded to object to such trifles were they not part of the very fabric of the book. Their combined weight destroys almost entirely the force of the many fine isolated insights that "Beyond Desire" actually contains.

I, for one, should welcome a return to those clear and simple Andersonian moods from which came the finest tales in "Winesburg, Ohio" and "Horses and Men," and those magnificent interludes imbedded in "Tar" and "A Story-Teller's Story." I cannot believe that Sherwood Anderson was cut out to be a novelist; and if a dwindling audience means anything, this is no unique or cranky judgment. Sherwood Anderson's talents are too valuable to be squandered on a difficult art form for which his nature does not appear to be precisely adapted.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

More About Gandhi

That Strange Little Brown Man Gandhi. By Frederick B. Fisher. Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. $2.50.

A RECENT Associated Press dispatch from Simla reports that the British government has banned Bishop Fisher's book, and that no translations, reprints, or substantial reproductions will be allowed in India. In view of this, one might expect the volume to be an indiscriminate and wholesale indictment of the British in India. This is far from true. Dr. Fisher is pro-Indian but not anti-British. He is an anti-imperialist. He first went to India about three decades ago, and ever since has gone back and forth, residing from 1920 to 1930 in Calcutta. He knows India, and though he may underestimate the obstacles in the way of immediate self-rule, he sees as a whole the turbulent Indian situation. In this volume he describes the part played by Gandhi in the contemporary life of the country.

The value of the book consists not so much in its relation of new facts as in its presentation of the personal experience of one who has had many opportunities to study the various phases of the present-day Indian problem. Much that Dr. Fisher says of Gandhi is familiar to all who have read either the Mahatma's autobiography or the excellent summaries of it by C. F. Andrews in his volumes on Gandhi's life and ideas. But Dr. Fisher has known Gandhi for twenty-five years, and his experience with the Indian leader was worth recording.

Dr. Fisher, in describing Gandhi's efforts to remove the discrimination against Indians in South Africa, cites the following example of Christianity in that country. In 1925 he visited South Africa and had occasion to discuss an important matter with a brilliant young Indian, a graduate with honors from a British university. He suggested that they meet in the lobby of the Y. M. C. A. for a conference. "I am sorry, but I am afraid they won't let me in there," said the young Indian. Dr. Fisher laughed at him and said: "Come along. I will be expecting you." Dr. Fisher went to the director of the Y. M. C. A. and told him what he had done. The director was embarrassed, but said that because of public opinion no Indian could be allowed in his lobby. Dr. Fisher went back to his hotel and left word to have his friend sent up to his room immediately on his arrival. But the student was not allowed to enter the lobby to ask for him at the hotel desk. He himself had to go out on to the street to talk to the student, and as Dr. Fisher stood there on the sidewalk almost speechless, the student said without rancor: "There's a Mohammedan mosque just down the street. They'll let us in." And so the only public place that an Indian Christian college graduate and a white Christian bishop could find for a Christian talk was on the cushioned floor of a Mohammedan mosque.

SAVEL ZIMAND

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Genetics: 1932

Genetic Principles in Medicine and Social Science. By Lancelot Hogben. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75.

THE cover blurb, presumably written by the publisher, gives a picturesque description of the contents of Hogben's book, asserting that when reputable biologists write of the alleged superiority of the Nordic race, of the hereditary and environmental ingredients which produce feeble-mindedness and criminality, and other such generalizations, they have as a rule no certain knowledge of the truth of their statements. The author gives in his preface a somewhat more constructive picture of his objectives. It is, he states, his endeavor to discuss what methods can be applied to the extremely elusive nature of the materials with which human genetics has to deal. Two main points of view are kept in mind: (1) an examination of the clinical evidence available and of its value as scientific data; (2) a discussion of genetic concepts as applied to sociological problems. About half of the book deals with the applications of familiar genetic principles; and while, for the general reader, there is a good deal of detail, yet this serves to bring home the importance of keeping in mind the insufficiency of much of the evidence. The author's choice of illustrative materials—data concerning identical twins, the more convincing examples of human pathological cases, the evidence from the four blood groups of man—brings out the advances that have been made in recent years as well as the need of caution in handling even the better-known traits of human inheritance.

For the general reader the chapter on the genetic background of social behavior can be recommended as a careful handling of a much-abused topic. The chapter on the Concept of Race that follows may serve to open the eyes of anthropologists and social economists to some of the intricacies in this popular field of forensic discussion. Hogben's analysis of the genetic concept of race is the best that has been printed to date —critically cautious and not without humor. Geneticists, Hogben says, believe that anthropologists have settled the problem of the number of races of mankind. Anthropologists think that their classifications are sanctioned by genetic principles. Social philosophers believe that their prejudices are grounded on the laws both of genetics and of physical anthropology.

The generation to which Huxley and Haeckel belonged entertained a very generous belief in the information to be gained from a comparative study of human physique. A less optimistic attitude prevails today. Modern genetics has shown, among other things, how easy it is to draw false conclusions from evidence which in the past was used to construct imaginary pedigrees. The prevailing idea that the weight of the brain or the size of the cranium can be taken as a measure of *individual* capacity for civilized life is shown to rest on insecure foundations and to be lacking in objective evidence to support it. The connection that is known to exist between the size of the body and cranial capacity is generally ignored when comparisons of this sort are made. Bismarck's brain weighed 1,867 grams, while that of Leibnitz, the discoverer of the calculus, weighed only 1,257 grams. Pearson, using Wendt's data, found the average weights of the brain of day laborers and of that of members of the academic class were respectively 1,299 grams and 1,384 grams; but the average body weight of the former was 53.9 kilograms, while that of the latter was 64. If the brain weights of the day laborers were increased in the ratio of the body weights of the professors, the average laborer's brain should be weighed as 1,542 grams as against the professor's 1,384.

With regard to the conclusions that have been promulgated by eugenists concerning intermarriage between widely separated racial groups, Hogben gives a devastating analysis of the evidence from which certain of these conclusions have been deduced. This treatment alone is so far ahead of its time that it seems doubtful whether the lesson it conveys will be taken to heart by eugenists and social reformers. Even over-enthusiastic geneticists may find it "hard" reading.

The theory of natural selection has influenced sociologists more profoundly, in a superficial sense (if the paradox be allowed), than any other single doctrine of biology, partly because it has appeared to furnish support to a current social dogma that competition is the economic factor of social evolution. Darwin's achievement was so great that sociologists have failed to keep in touch with the subsequent history of the theory of natural selection. Darwin's view was based on the idea of blended inheritance, while the modern view rests on particulate inheritance. The working out of the two ideas involves important differences. Darwin supposed evolution to deal with essentially continuous materials in which, *without selection,* no change would occur, while today the creative side of organic evolution is found in the origin of mutant types that either transcend the original boundaries of variation of the species or else stabilize characteristics already present. The chance that a new type will survive depends on its relation to the environment in which it finds itself, which relation may or may not involve competition with the type from which it arose. The old term "natural selection" may still be used in an altered sense to express the survival value of a new type after its appearance.

No other book treats these topics so critically and courageously, and there is no other that the doctor and sociologist can read with so much profit. The only doubt on this score that might arise is whether, without a pretty complete knowledge of modern genetics, the doctors will realize the need for self-criticism.

THOMAS HUNT MORGAN

A Novel in Verse

Rip Tide. A Novel in Verse. By William Rose Benét. Duffield and Green. $2.50.

MR. BENET'S belief is that a story may be told in verse with a condensation and intensification not possible to prose. Certainly the story of "Rip Tide" is not one which by originality of plot or character or theme would attract special attention. The forced ending would be criticized in a short story. It is the poetic form and only that which gives this novel in verse its power. In this form the very usual story holds the interest and stirs the emotions.

Mr. Benét is a good poet. His use of the narrative stanza of eight lines rhyming *a b c d, a b c d* is expert, and his abrupt change from this rather smooth-flowing and formal stanza to the broken and more conversational verse rhythms of the later chapters is entirely right. The poetic symbol of the sea used so consistently to interpret Sheila and later her son, Barry, does indeed intensify the reader's feeling for these characters. The narrative method, as always in the best poetic narratives, is that of stressing moments of high feeling only, of leaping from dramatic scene to dramatic scene, and of avoiding all exposition. The result is three portraits of lives connected by secret links. Each of these three lives runs an outwardly normal course; inwardly each is aware of a violence in feeling given no outlet. And so the drama is an inner drama—that is, at least, up till the last moment, when a rather arbitrarily chosen end is forced.

Mr. Benét's use of imagery is economical and yet fine. He allows himself no emotional debauches, no flights into fancy out of character with his speakers, no purely ornamental descriptive passages. His method of conveying emotions is most frequently a kind of poetic understatement which is very effective. Only now and then does he show these emotions in flood:

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"My sea!" she thought. Tall tree-trunks of the grove
Lined the red sun with black and rigid bars,
Their purple shadows wavering down the snow.
Yet somewhere swelled the dunes, somewhere must be
That only corsive for the wounds of love,
That clean, cold restitution of the stars,
The seething foam, the roaring overflow
Of the crested and unconquerable sea!

For the most part the characters live in action, in the modern world of reality; only at rare moments in their lives are they the dreamers.

But the result of Mr. Benét's success in making a commonplace story significant through its poetry is that, in the end, we miss the greater significance which might have been if the story itself had been more worthy of its vestments. We miss this poet's submergence in his theme, his own passionate convictions and emotions so beautifully presented in his earlier and more subjective poems. "Rip Tide" is a very good piece of work, but it somehow is not important. And Mr. Benét is capable of writing important poetry. It is skilful verse, some few passages have real beauty, but it remains, for the most part, merely very competent writing.

EDA LOU WALTON

John Quincy Adams

John Quincy Adams, "Old Man Eloquent." By Bennett Champ Clark. Little, Brown and Company. $3.75.

MR. CLARK'S book meets with much success the need for a new biography of John Quincy Adams. Nothing strikingly new is to be found in it, for the episodes in which Adams figured have been pretty thoroughly explored, but the narrative is exceptionally full and admirably balanced, and the style, save for an occasional lapse such as Canning "waded in," and a persistent reference to Adams as "J. Q. A.," is of a more than ordinarily high order. The distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Clark's work, aside from his clear and orderly handling of events, is the contrast which he draws throughout between Adams's personal qualities and his achievements as a statesman. Personally, Adams was without question the most consistently and comprehensively disagreeable man who has ever held high public office in this country, and Mr. Clark lets slip no observable opportunity to remind us of his sour and peppery temper, his quarrelsome disposition, his instinctive imputation of low motives to others, his vituperative language in controversy, his long memory for real or fancied affronts, and his stubborn refusal to meet suggestions of conciliation halfway. What he said or did in public, moreover, was elaborated and intensified in his famous diary. To these defects of temper was added the misfortune of an unimpressive appearance and a shrill, rasping voice. Yet if any American, all things considered, is to be accounted a statesman, Adams merits the designation.

Adams's success was due in part to circumstances and in part to the acuteness and independence of his mind. Entering the diplomatic service as a boy, he had acquired, by the time he became Secretary of State in 1817, a linguistic equipment, a familiarity with diplomatic procedure and international problems, a personal acquaintance with European rulers and statesmen, and a detached point of view regarding Europe such as no other head of the department has ever possessed when he took office. Nothing that he saw or experienced in Europe—the fall of the Dutch Republic, Russia under Alexander, the vexatious peace negotiations of 1814, the return of Napoleon from Elba—left him with the slightest illusion about European politics; and when, as Secretary of State, he carried through the negotiations that gave Florida to the United States, and later directed, more

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than anyone else, the formulation of the Monroe Doctrine, he knew exactly the diplomacy and the political conditions with which he was dealing.

The four years of Adams's Presidency were an interlude between an old political order and a new, relatively unimportant in achievement save for his championship of federal internal improvements, and his defeat in 1828 left him deeply chagrined. His memorable return to politics as a member of the House of Representatives, however, opened a new chapter in which every one of his qualities, good or bad, found supreme illustration. Mr. Clark's description of Adams's great fight over the right of petition is dramatic, but that long struggle, although quite the most spectacular of all in which he engaged, was only one in a list which included his stout defense of Jackson's course in forcing a reluctant France to pay its debt to the United States, his exposition of the right of a military commander to free slaves in time of war—a contention which Mr. Clark thinks entitles Adams to be called "the father of emancipation"—and his opposition to the annexation of Texas.

For all his vigor and incisiveness, Adams was no model of political consistency, and no single phrase could adequately describe either him or his policies. He was a nationalist and a jingo, an imperialist of a sort, a worshiper of the Constitution, an opponent of slavery but not an abolitionist, a stickler for official and technical proprieties, a ruthless and unbridled antagonist in debate, and too little of a politician to cling close to any party. Outside his family, where personal relations were singularly affectionate, there were no intimates in his life, and he lived, worked, and fought alone. Some softening of his asperities, Mr. Clark suggests, must have come with his last year or two; the tumult, at least, was over, the old fighter was treated with respect, and when at last he had his wish and fell in his place in the House, colleagues and the nation mourned. Mr. Clark's is the heartening story of a statesman who, with all his bristling faults, was never afraid, his enemies themselves being judges.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Last Classic

The Ironic Temper. Anatole France and His Time. Haakon M. Chevalier. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

DESPITE its charming format, diverting illustrations, and searching analysis, Mr. Chevalier's study of Anatole France is a disappointing book. As analyst of one side of a much-adulated, yet enigmatic writer, Mr. Chevalier may seem superior in subtlety to Mr. Josephson, who has written a book on France's contemporary, Zola, which is really a study of Zola's times, but Mr. Chevalier's volume is very inferior in interest. The reason for this may well be that Mr. Chevalier has chosen to neglect an eventful period for a life which was extremely uneventful; moreover, he has only examined (and in what detail!) one aspect of that life, one facet of that singular character. As his title indicates, he has concentrated on the irony of Anatole France. The word occurs oftener in Mr. Chevalier's pages than in those of the Master himself. It is reiterated so frequently that in the long run one becomes sickened of the term.

Coming forward for the defense after the depreciations of J. J. Brousson and Barry Cerf, Mr. Chevalier makes a fairly good job of the case, but the case was lost in advance. He has performed a work of piety, but it is too late. As Bernard Fay has said in private conversation, "Anatole France is no longer the fashion"; and it is extremely unlikely that this fashion will return. Thanks largely to himself, to his profound lack of originality, of courage, of sincerity, to the vices of mind and heart which he sedulously cultivated, to the spectacle of that ignoble and well-advertised senility which terminated in 1924, the patrician of letters who was a best seller, the profound ironist who was all things to all, the national philosopher who carried within him all his life the soul of a furtive child, left behind him, in his own country at least, an undisguised impression of boredom and disgust. How futile, then, to write, and to write well, a two-hundred-page eulogy on the irony of Anatole France, that famous irony which, amid so much that was sterile and enervating, he cultivated as his one trump card, much as a certain type of juggler cultivates a single muscle! What does it profit an artist to become monarch of the whole Kingdom of Irony if he lose all else beside, if he fears the fatality of death as much as he has hated the fatality of living?

Yet there is much that might be said in extenuation of this overrated man, much that Mr. Chevalier, in his filial piety which takes so much for granted, has neglected to say. Edmund Wilson uttered the last word on France when he wrote recently that he summed up a bourgeois culture which began with the French Revolution and announced the death of that culture. He carried on in his bland, soft, insinuating fashion the deadening materialism of Taine, the universal skepticism of Renan. He was a true son of the Parisian bourgeoisie from which he sprang, a class which is temperamentally petty-minded, penny-wise, invincibly distrustful. The mentality can be profitably studied in the terrific pages of Léon Bloy's "Exegesis of Commonplaces"; and to that odious mentality France stayed faithful in the main throughout his long life. At the same time he was bookishly enamored of Greece and Rome, of the classic tradition, and he desired to be a classic himself in his own lifetime. It would impress the neighbors, and he had his wish. He overcame his natural inertia and self-indulgence sufficiently to produce some very pretty books, and when he became famous enough to enlist the interest of Mme Verdurin, known to history as Mme de Caillavet, she saw to it that he continued the manufacture of professional "masterpieces." In vain he protested, for he had a genuinely unpretentious side and hated the requisite industry of the artist. It was all in vain; he was "the greatest writer of France" and must live up to the reputation. Then came the Dreyfus Affair, and France, motivated by his formidable mistress, who was of Jewish stock, threw himself with relative energy on the unpopular, yet profitable side of the New Terror. It was then that he wrote his most stimulating books, "L'île des pingouins" and "Histoire contemporaine," making his peace with the reactionaries on the side by his mordant satire on the Revolution, "Les dieux ont soif." In one respect at least he did not disdain that "ugly little Jew," Saint Paul, and emulated the hated Christians in their "wisdom-of-the-serpent" and "meekness-of-the-dove" aspect. More truly, wherever he found himself—in the portico of Pilate, a Gothic transept, or the rostrum of Radical Socialism—he was faithful to his tyrannical deity, the Ironic Temper.

Mr. Chevalier seems to feel that France has been rejected by "the lost generation" which survived the war, largely because, whatever else he was, he had a heart and a sense of pity, while "hearts are no longer worn" and the sense of pity is antiquated. It is true that the word *bonté* was constantly on his lips, almost as often as the words beauty and harmony. Yet Anatole France was not really "good." People who are constantly extolling goodness seldom are. "I do not disdain goodness," wrote Montherlant, "because I dislike to see it written up on every garden wall." Like many people who are constitutionally sensual and cold-hearted, France was always excessively sentimental in his writing. But there are disquieting episodes in Brousson's journals which reveal an almost repulsive cynicism in the venerable Master. Truly we think that it is not for nothing that the lost generation in rejecting the last classic has rejected a "beauty," a "goodness," which revealed itself as the merest sweetstuff.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

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Shorter Notices

This Country of Yours. By Morris Markey. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

Mr. Markey, who is one of the best living reporters, gave himself an ambitious assignment. He set out to see what the American people were like. He had read about them; he had even written about them; but he wanted to hear them read their own characters. He traveled 16,000 miles before he finished, and this book is the record of his findings. It is perfectly fascinating. Not that it reveals the American character, for surely there is no such thing, or at any rate Mr. Markey did not turn it up. But he talked to many persons of all ages, occupations, and degrees of dignity, and since he talked to them with sympathy and humor he elicited in every case a human response. If any generalization can be made about the country after reading this book, it is that the parts of which it is composed are parts indeed —quite separate from one another in knowledge and feeling, and satisfied to be so. Everybody wants more than anything else to be let alone; he likes his job, even in these hard times; and he believes that the times will get better only when we stop fussing about them. Mr. Markey found a huge, cheerful ignorance everywhere, and the revolution centuries away. This will be depressing or encouraging in accordance with the reader's views; but any reader will derive entertainment and information from the volume, which is crowded with convincing detail and brilliantly written—a "profile" of the nation in 300 pages. Not the least valuable chapter is that devoted to a description of New York, where Mr. Markey, at a loss how otherwise to proceed, simply describes his own life in the metropolis.

Memories of a Southern Woman of Letters. By Grace King. The Macmillan Company. $4.

With the exception of her travels, the author of "The Pleasant Ways of St. Médard" spent her life of seventy-nine years in New Orleans, and the capture of that city in the Civil War was the most vivid of her childhood memories. Her literary output—short stories, novels, and historical monographs —was concerned almost exclusively with Louisiana. Her inspiration to write sprang from her resentment at the "libels" of George Cable, and her first efforts were encouraged by Charles Dudley Warner. Through Warner she met Mark Twain. She traveled extensively and made several prolonged stays in Paris, where her most notable friendships were those with Madame Blanc and Pastor Charles Wagner. Miss King's discursive reminiscences, very sparsely provided with dates, are marked by unquenchable enthusiasm and ineradicable naivete.

The Capital Question of China. By Lionel Curtis. The Macmillan Company. $3.

Mr. Curtis was an honorary secretary of the Royal Institute of International Affairs when it formed groups for the study of various countries and problems—one for the Balkans, one for Russia, one for reparations and national debts, one for the Far East, and so on. As he studied the reports, it became his conviction that the problems of the Far East outweighed all the others in importance, and he devoted himself to an intensive examination of the situation in China. It is his belief that the economic and political instability in China threatens the security of the whole world—on the reasonable premise that a fifth of humanity cannot live in disorder without unsettling the remaining four-fifths. The greater part of the book is a careful, concise, and unprejudiced, but frequently naive, survey of the situation in China. His conclusion, however, is less impressive. He proposes intervention in China, not by force, which he believes would be disastrous both to China and the nations that

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attempted it, but by diplomacy. If the European Powers and Japan would send their wisest diplomats to Nanking and work sympathetically with the government as Ambassador Morrow did in Mexico, he believes that the Chinese would be tremendously aided in emerging from their present chaos.

Drama

Tableaux

BOTH playwrights and producers must know as well as I do that no good modern play has ever been made from a good modern novel. The very fact that a certain class of effects has been successfully achieved through one method of telling a story is sufficient proof that no other method is equally suitable for creating the same effects, and a novel is no more reproducible in drama than a painting is reproducible in stone. The only things that a playwright could actually take over count for so little in themselves that there would be no real reason for bothering to take them over at all were it not for the temptation to do exactly what the movies do when they buy the rights to a play—namely, hope that its popularity or its fame will be worth in publicity whatever the rights may have cost.

"The Good Earth," which Owen Davis and his son have dramatized from Pearl Buck's novel of the same name, and which the Theater Guild has produced at its own theater, proves no exception to the rule. Obviously the writing has been conscientiously done and obviously the script has been presented with elaborate care, but the chief effect is only to make one regret that the conscientiousness and the care were not expended upon some enterprise not foredoomed to failure. As one of the few persons who have not read the novel, I am in no position to say how satisfactory the present play may be when considered as a series of illustrative tableaux; but I am in the very best of all positions to judge it as an independent work of art—which it all too obviously is not. Certain scenes—notably that in which the beggars storm the rich man's house, and that in which the hero turns back to his discarded first wife—are undoubtedly effective. Yet they achieve their effectiveness despite the fact that they are preceded by other scenes which no competent dramatist would have chosen for the purpose of building toward them if he had not felt the duty of following an outline unsuitable to dramatic presentation. What we get, at best, is two or three scenes of a genuine play preceded by a synopsis of earlier events almost as unsatisfactory as a frank synopsis necessarily is.

Miss Buck's novel has been praised for a certain legendary quality which she has succeeded in giving to her story of a peasant's rise through his love for land. Readers have found in it the strong simplicity of fundamental things and a sense that her characters were important because they stood, not merely for themselves, but for ways of life so old as to be immemorial and for eternal motives revealed with classic simplicity. But such effects as these presuppose in the telling of a story something of the necessary remoteness of a legend. They presuppose a method capable of suggesting old, unhappy, far-off things, and that method itself presupposes a generalized narrative heightened here and there by some concrete detail carefully chosen because it happens to be one which will not mar the effect by its grotesque or insistent particularity. But such effects and such methods are the very ones which are very difficult, if not impossible, on the stage. The very personality of the actor necessarily makes the character he is impersonating distinctly an individual, and since every background must be visually complete, there are limits to the selectivity which can be employed in the presentation of details. A certain concreteness and particularity are inevitable, and many things which could be described with a grave dignity become grotesque when acted out by individuals in a scene all-too-inescapably concrete. Here is not something surrounded by the pathos of distance but something very specific happening before our eyes, and as a result, the effect of the theme itself is changed, and the story of Wang Lung's devotion to the Good Earth begins to seem distressingly like some modern story of an avaricious peasant and his neighbor's fields.

Among the members of the company Nazimova seems to me the only one who, from the very beginning, succeeds in sinking a familiar personality beneath a manner and a masque, although Claude Rains certainly grows more convincing as the play proceeds. Henry Travers is amusing as the old father, but he is only one of Shaw's comic Englishmen with a pair of trailing mustachios on his lip and a pigtail down his back.

Several other plays of a very busy week deserve some comment, and the best of them is "I Loved You Wednesday," a romantic comedy of sentiment with a speakeasy background, which is now being presented at the Sam Harris Theater. Much of the dialogue sparkles quite delightfully and has, besides, a distinctly original flavor. Moreover, Frances Fuller and Rose Hobart are both delightful as, respectively, the wife of a philanderer and the old sweetheart whom he did not recapture.

Edgar Wallace's "Criminal at Large" (Belasco Theater) is also an excellent specimen of its kind—the kind being detective melodrama with some leanings in the direction of the green-lights and clutching-hand school. Somewhat more credible than most and therefore quite as credible as it needs to be, it keeps its satisfying secret to the end and is given some real distinction by the fine performance of Emlyn Williams as the young and eccentric Lord Lebanon who is—and ought to be—the last of his ancient race.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

THE ABBEY THEATER PLAYERS. Martin Beck Theater. Repertory of modern Irish plays. Reviewed next week.

AMERICANA. Shubert Theater. McEvoy revue with some satire and a good deal of excellent dancing.

ANOTHER LANGUAGE. Booth Theater. Hilarious satire on relatives and their ways.

CLEAR ALL WIRES. Times Square Theater. Fast melodramatic farce about newspaper correspondents with a colorful and amusing background of mujiks, commissars and other Russian fauna.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. Plymouth Theater. Resumed run of Elmer Rice's colorful play about a salf-made lawyer.

CRIMINAL AT LARGE. Belasco Theater. Reviewed this week.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY. Sam Harris Theater. Reviewed this week.

NONA. Avon Theater. Lenore Ulrich unrestrained.

SUCCESS STORY. Maxine Elliott Theater. The Group in an excellent production of a tense play about a radical who gained the whole world while he lost his soul.

THE GOOD EARTH. Guild Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

WHEN LADIES MEET. Royale Theater. Rachel Crothers delivers a sugar-coated sermon in defense of the old-fashioned virtues. Most of the critics liked it but I did not.

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